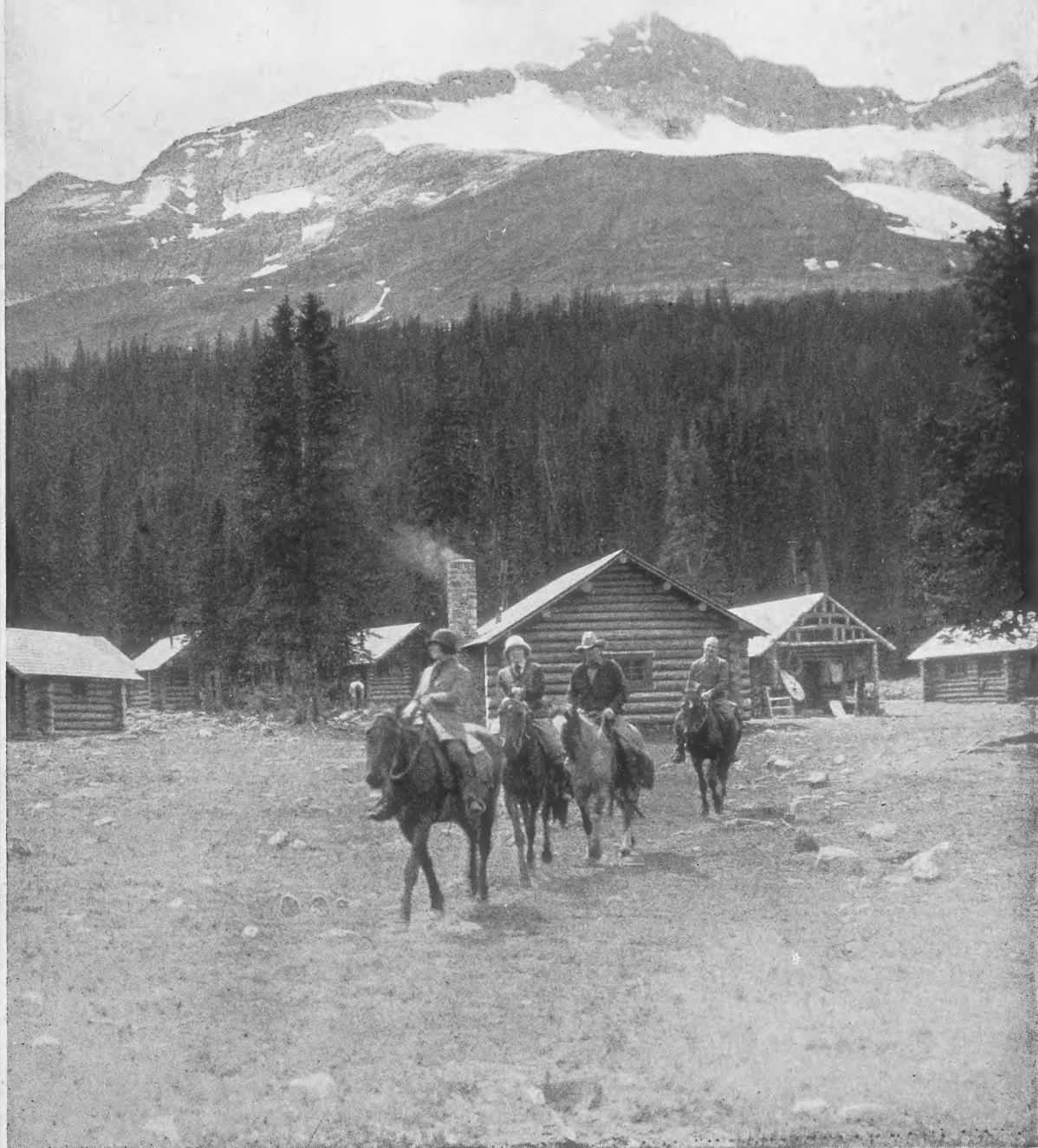


Bungalow Camps

in the Canadian Pacific Rockies



BUNGALOW CAMPS

In the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Wapta Camp—Overlooking beautiful Lake Wapta, just west of the Great Divide. Centre for Alpine climbing, drives, pony rides, and hikes to Lake O'Hara, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Canyon, etc.

Accommodation for 54. Postal Address, Wapta Camp, Hector, B.C.

Lake O'Hara Camp—This Alpine lake, of exquisite coloring and charm, is a splendid climbing, riding and walking centre. Excursions to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa, or over Abbot Pass to Lake Louise.

Accommodation for 38. Postal Address, Lake O'Hara Camp, Hector, B.C.

Yoho Valley Camp—At the most delightful location in Yoho Valley, facing Takakkaw Falls. Excursions to the upper valley or over Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Accommodation for 64. Postal Address, Yoho Valley Camp, Field, B.C.

Emerald Lake Chalet—A bungalow camp extension to this cosy chalet hotel, which is situated on beautiful Emerald Lake, at the foot of Mount Burgess. Boating, trout fishing, riding, hiking, climbing and pony trips over Yoho Pass, etc.

Accommodation (including hotel) for 120. Postal Address, Emerald Lake Chalet, Field, B.C. (Open June 15-September 15.)

Moraine Lake Camp—At the head of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Good trout fishing, climbing, riding and hiking to Consolation Lakes, Paradise Valley, Wenkchemna Pass, etc.

Accommodation for 9. Postal Address, Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp, Lake Louise, Alta. (Open June 1- September 30.)

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp—First stop on the new Banff-Windermere automobile highway, the most spectacular automobile road in America. Wonderful panoramic views of Castle Mountain and other peaks.

Accommodation for 14. On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

Vermilion River Camp—Second stop on this road. Fine fishing in the Vermilion River, and magnificent mountain climbing.

Accommodation for 25. On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Vermilion River Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

Radium Hot Springs Camp—Third stop on this road. Swimming in Radium Hot Springs Pool, hiking and climbing, and wonderful views of the Selkirks.

Accommodation for 34. On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp, Radium Hot Springs, B.C.

Lake Windermere Camp—A popular bungalow camp on the shore of the loveliest warm water lake of British Columbia. Riding, motoring, swimming, boating and excursions to the glaciers of the Selkirks.

Accommodation for 42. Postal Address, Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp, Invermere, B.C.

The above camps are open (except where otherwise stated) from July 1st to September 15th. Rates \$5.50 per day, American plan (except at Emerald Lake). Information how to reach these camps is found on later pages, under each separate camp.

Bungalow Camps in the *Canadian Pacific Rockies*

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES, which interpose their giant barrier between the prairies and the Pacific Coast, comprise the most wonderful mountain region in the world. Nearly seven hundred peaks of 6,000 feet or over in height—lovely mountain lakes, swift rivers, silent primeval forests, glistening glaciers, extensive national parks, hundreds of miles of roads and good trails, climbing, fishing, riding, hiking and motoring—these are some of the attractions that they offer.

At several points in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, bungalow camps have been established which make a special appeal to the trail-rider, the hiker and the climber. A “bungalow camp” consists, speaking generally, of a cluster of buildings of log or other wooden construction—the principal one the club building, used for dining and recreational purposes, the others being individual sleeping cabins of various sizes. These bungalow camps—which are supplemented by many outlying “rest houses”—combine comfort, simplicity, and good food with moderate charges—and always they have the magnificent background of wild Nature.

In the following pages the nine Bungalow Camps are arranged in geographical convenience.

Yoho National Park

Yoho National Park has an area of 476 square miles, and lies just west of the Great Divide on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is a region of charm and winsome beauty, of giant mountains and primeval forests, of rushing rivers and sapphire-like lakes. Its principal river is the Kicking Horse, with the Ottertail and Yoho as main tributaries; its chief lakes are Emerald, Wapta, McArthur, O'Hara and Sherbrooke. The Yoho Valley (with its great glacier, Twin Falls and Takakkaw Falls), Emerald Lake, Burgess Pass, Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur are amongst the chief scenic features.

Four bungalow camps are situated in Yoho National Park. Linked together as they are by good motor roads or trails, and supplemented by outpost rest houses, they make one of the most delightful circle tours of the entire Rockies.

Emerald Lake Chalet and Bungalow Camp Annex

Seven miles from Field by road. Also reached by trail from Yoho Valley. Accommodation (summer of 1926) for 120.

Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp

Eleven miles from Field by road. Thirteen miles from Wapta Camp by road. Also reached by trail from Emerald Lake. Accommodation for 64.

Wapta Bungalow Camp

Close to Hector Station. Also reached by road from Field (13 miles), Lake Louise (8 miles), or Yoho Camp. Accommodation for 54.

Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp

Eight miles south of Hector Station, by trail. Also reached from Lake Louise over Abbot Pass, or by trail from Field. Accommodation 38.

Kicking Horse Canyon Rest.

Between Wapta Lake and Field.

Natural Bridge Rest.

Between Field and Emerald Lake.

Summit Lake Rest.

Between Yoho Valley and Emerald Lake.
Sleeping accommodation for 6.

Twin Falls Rest.

In the upper Yoho Valley.
Sleeping accommodation for 5.

Abbot Pass Alpine Hut

Between Lake O'Hara and Lake Louise
Sleeping accommodation for 20.

All trains stop at Field. At Hector (12 miles east) the "Trans-Canada Limited" does not stop.

The new motor road from Lake Louise to Field (to be opened summer 1926) passes Wapta Camp and Kicking Horse Canyon Rest.



EMERALD LAKE CHALET

A Green Harmony Emerald Lake is considered by artists who have visited it as one of the most exquisite spots in the Canadian Rockies. No blendings of pigment, no symphony on muted strings, no lyric penned by the hand of man ever interpreted the tender harmony of that strangely peaceful region, where verdure of infinite variety dominates the landscape, offers rest to the wearied eye and suggests a pause in the flight of a winged and an adventurous spirit. Emerald Lake breathes a serenity that defies description.

It was discovered and named by Tom Wilson—the oldest and one of the most famous trail-blazers in the Rocky Mountains. In 1882 Wilson was “packing” for the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose construction crews were then slowly wresting territory from Mount Stephen, Mount Field and kindred stony giants, and one day he awoke to find that most of his horses had disappeared. With a faith unknown to those who would discourage the search for a needle in a haystack, Tom Wilson set out towards the unblazed north, hoping to recover a few insignificant pack ponies that were drifting somewhere in the Rocky Mountains!

And his faith was justified. He found not only his horses, but Emerald Lake, for which his name will be spoken with profound gratitude by future generations. That horse-hunting trip necessitated the renaming of Lake Louise, which Wilson had originally called “Emerald.” But the newly discovered water jewel made so obvious a claim to the title that the change was effected without demur.

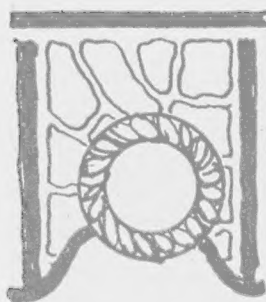
Snowpeak Avenue Emerald Lake lies at the end of a perfect drive, seven miles north of Field, B.C. Leaving the station and cross-

ing the blustering waters of the Kicking Horse, one turns one’s back upon Mount Stephen, lifting its head 6,500 feet above the railway, and Mount Field, as the capacious 16-seated motor swings into the hush of a scented forest.

Snowpeak Avenue is part of this pungent journey; only a small part, it’s true, but one that the observant traveller will not soon forget! Imagine a two-mile stretch of straight roadway (and two miles of straight roadway anywhere in the Rocky Mountains is in itself noteworthy) margined by slender trees whose heads nod a stately salutation as you pass, and permit now and again a glimpse of robin’s egg sky about the width of a small girl’s sash. Then close your eyes still tighter and imagine this straight driveway blocked by a glittering pinnacle crowned with a diadem of blue-white snow. Emerald Peak lies to the north, Mount Goodsir to the south—natural focal points that some artist must have pictured in his dreams.

The motor swerves as though in answer to the call of rushing waters, and presently one comes to the Natural Bridge—an ineffectual effort on the part of nature to curb the foaming passage of the Kicking Horse, by choking the river bed with enormous boulders. For the convenience of visitors, a sturdy log platform has been thrown across the cataract. It offers an ideal vantage point from which to experiment with canvas or kodak.

The road winds and dips and creeps up gentle inclines until one feels that Mount Burgess (8,473 feet) on the right is distant but a stone’s throw. Suddenly, through a rift in the trees, The President (10,297 feet) pushes his twin heads into the clouds, and before the cry of delight has died away, Emerald Lake lies smiling at one’s feet.



The Club House,
Emerald Lake
Chalet.



The Green Explained Oh, the rare loveliness of it! Too small to mirror the soaring peaks that almost surround it, it reflects the wooded slopes with flawless accuracy; and patches of snow which the sun has forgotten, sprawling at the water's edge, repeat themselves like tufts of woolly cloud afloat on the jade surface.

Far more often than not, the lake is jade instead of Emerald; and more often than that, it is *jade-a-lait*, with the peculiar milkiness that characterizes all glacial water. The moment your oar dips in, that too becomes a thing of jade, as does the bottom of your boat, or even your hand.

Up a steep incline past the cosy Bungalows, to the door of the Chalet. The motor comes to a stop, but you don't move. You sit in silent wonderment, staring at the unfolding panorama and murmuring from the depths of an overfull heart, "This is surely the loveliest spot in the world!"

The Chalet The Chalet is built of great squared timbers, fortress-like in their solidity. A large extension has just been built in keeping with the original building. A furnace and huge fireplace lend able assistance to the timbers when necessary.

But it is not the picturesqueness of the place, or the harmonious blending with the surroundings, that impresses some visitors. It is not the two spacious verandahs, nor the color scheme carried right into the dining-room, where smart maids wear green ribbons on their caps; it is not the excellence of the table, with fresh fruit and vegetables, nor the courtesy of the entire staff. It is that there is always a sufficiency of comfortable chairs! Sitting in the saddle all day may sound restful to the tenderfoot, but after such a jaunt one is very prone to seek an easy chair.

The Club House The Club House, a few yards from the Chalet, is new. It is a charming rustic building, with a hardwood floor kept in splendid condition for dancing, with writing desks, card tables, a piano, a Victrola and lounges; with a gaping fireplace that gobbles up each evening a ration of logs which 20 years ago would have cost the average Dawson miner his season's gleanings—and more chairs! From the wide verandah one looks northward towards the Summit, beyond which lies Yoho Valley. Wapta guards it on the right, and The President on the left. Burgess looks over your shoulder, and Emerald Lake, like a smooth, green lawn, spreads almost at your feet. It is easy enough to say that it looks beautiful. How can one tell how delicious it *feels*?

The Bungalows And the bungalows! If you've never lived in a log-cabin bungalow, with a hardwood floor, electric light, running water, real bedsteads, a clothes cupboard, a funny little drum stove, AND a private bath (should your reservation have been made early enough), then you simply haven't lived at all! No noise—no odor of cooking—no stairs—why, you sit on your own private and exclusive verandah, thinking you are going to do a tremendous lot of writing or reading or sewing, and you just let the hours slither by, full of the feeling "I am the king of the castle."

From the Bungalows to the edge of the lake is but a step—a step, however, that leads through whispering trees and over a carpet of pine needles that give resilience to the heaviest of leaden feet. Benches tempt the explorer to stop and enjoy the view. It never palls; the aspect changes as in a mammoth motion picture.

Besides, these paths bear such alluring titles you would surrender to them even though you knew they

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1. One of the Sleeping Bungalows, Emerald Lake.
2. The Fossil Beds of this region have yielded remarkable finds.
3. Snowpeak Avenue—part of the road to Emerald Lake.
4. Mount Stephen towers 6,500 feet above Field and the Kicking Horse River.



Emerald Lake has
some remarkable
reflections.



led to a blank wall. Who could resist the seduction of Squirrel Walk, or Lone Duck Lake Trail?

Not Always Lonely Lone Duck Lake is a tiny liquid gem, ten minutes' walk from the Chalet, and has been pre-empted by a solitary duck indifferent to overtures of friendship. Dark firs cluster close as though anxious to hide this spot from a too-curious public. High overhead, Mount Burgess towers, like a wall at the uttermost boundary of the world. Its V-shaped summit looks so worn and crumbling that you gaze in apprehension lest the next strong puff of wind should hurl it down the steep incline to accomplish your complete annihilation.

At evening, when the wind has stilled its voice to a timid lisp, and the violet mists blur the outline of sharp rock and gleaming glacier, a solitary deer shares the silence with the majestic duck, and you tip-toe back to the Club House apologetically, hoping that your intrusion has not been an offense to these exclusive creatures.

"A narrow compass! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair."

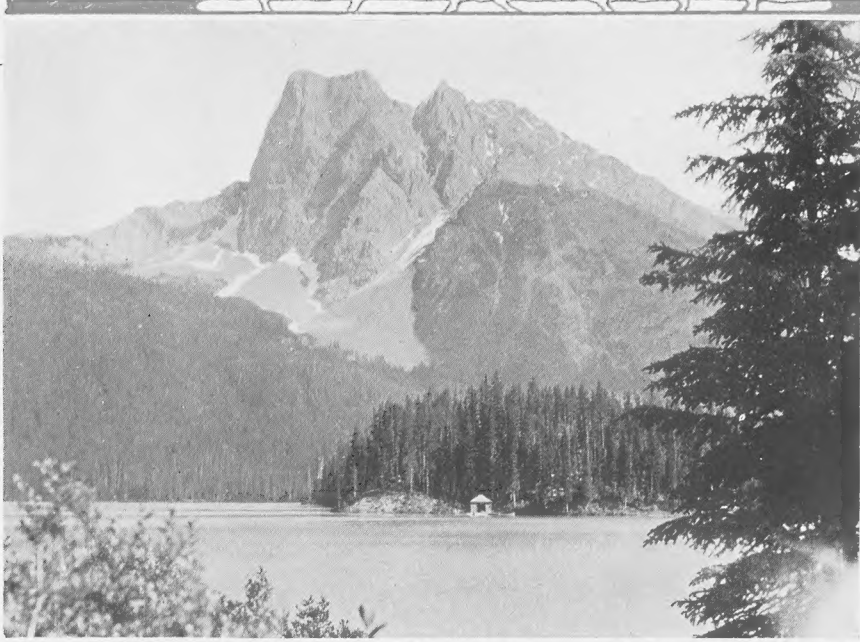
Some Beautiful Hikes The most popular walk takes you around the lake, and those four miles and a half are not nearly long enough. Of course, if you don't want to count at least two dozen shades of green playing in the water; if you don't want to see the great bleak pinnacle of Wapta (which, by the way, means water) shimmer for all the world like a gigantic Oriental rug thrown against the floor of the sky; if you have no desire to see around the corner of Emerald Peak and the President Glacier, one end of which leaps from its frozen fetters and plunges down the cliff in a madcap

waterfall; moreover, if you are incurious as to flora and fauna, especially orchids, and the biggest jack-rabbits a-hop, or maybe an infant moose that should have been a mule by the look of him—if—if—all these things, then no need even to walk around the lakes. Just sit still on the Club House verandah and watch the clouds turn from white to pink, and from pink to gold, and from gold to amethyst, until the cobalt-glacier up there on the President's shoulder is blotted out, and the chill of a fragrant, purple night suggests that great log fire.

Another short walk leads over the bridge, a few paces to the left, and along a lovely trail to Hamilton Falls. This trip may not appeal to the confirmed Alpine climber, but otherwise it is sufficiently difficult to take on the appearance of an achievement.

Hamilton Falls Roxie Hamilton discovered the Falls some 30 years ago. Like most old-timers, he was prospecting and found not precious metal, but a jewel of water. The place was forgotten until recently, when it was re-discovered, named and made accessible by a good trail. The Falls are beautiful, unique. They appear in three distinct levels. You reach the first quite easily. Here you find a sort of natural basin whose outlet is a stormy little pool. The basin is fed by the lowest fall—a gush of pale green water that tumbles down from a hollow rock about 30 feet tall, which looks like half of a large black chimney.

Following the trail that now twists tortuously up the hill, you will come, after some puffing, to the second level—the mezzanine floor. Here you are almost opposite the top of the rock chimney, and the longer, higher fall reveals itself. Great pot-holes, too, yawn in rocks, and there is evidence that in days past a tremendous volume of water poured down from the level above.



Mount
Burgess.

My, but it's steep! But it is very beautiful, with its ferns and flowers and moss hung with silver cobwebs; and so still that you can hear the pine needles drop with their sibilant whisper. The trail ends all too soon, for you are neither at the source of the waterfall, nor the top of the hill. You look over at the green slopes of Burgess, however, inordinately pleased that they seem much less forbidding than they did from below.

Yoho Pass A little more ambitious is the trip to The Summit—the pass, that is to say, leading into the Yoho Valley. The return journey can be made in four hours, afoot or by pony, but most people prefer to make it an all-day affair.

Following the road to the right of the bridge, and reaching a point opposite the Chalet, you proceed northward over a stony flat that must, at one time, have worn a garment of jade-green water. Up a treeless cliff you begin to climb—eighteen hundred feet of zigzagging so sharply that, at the angles, your horse achieves the noteworthy feat of having his head and tail turned the same way at the same time!

Positively!

About half-way up there is revealed a splendid view of Emerald Falls, only a thread of which can be seen from the Chalet. It seems to gush directly from the turquoise vault into which Emerald Peak pushes its graceful head. A long, silver streak it drops, spreads into a rainbow fan, then hurtles downward to the great boulders that convert it into a lashing, lunging cascade.

The glacier, to the right, seems very near. The Chalet, very far away. Up—up—up—steeper and steeper! The pony breathes heavily; and while he is resting, you twist in your saddle a little awed to find so vast a portion of the world beneath you.

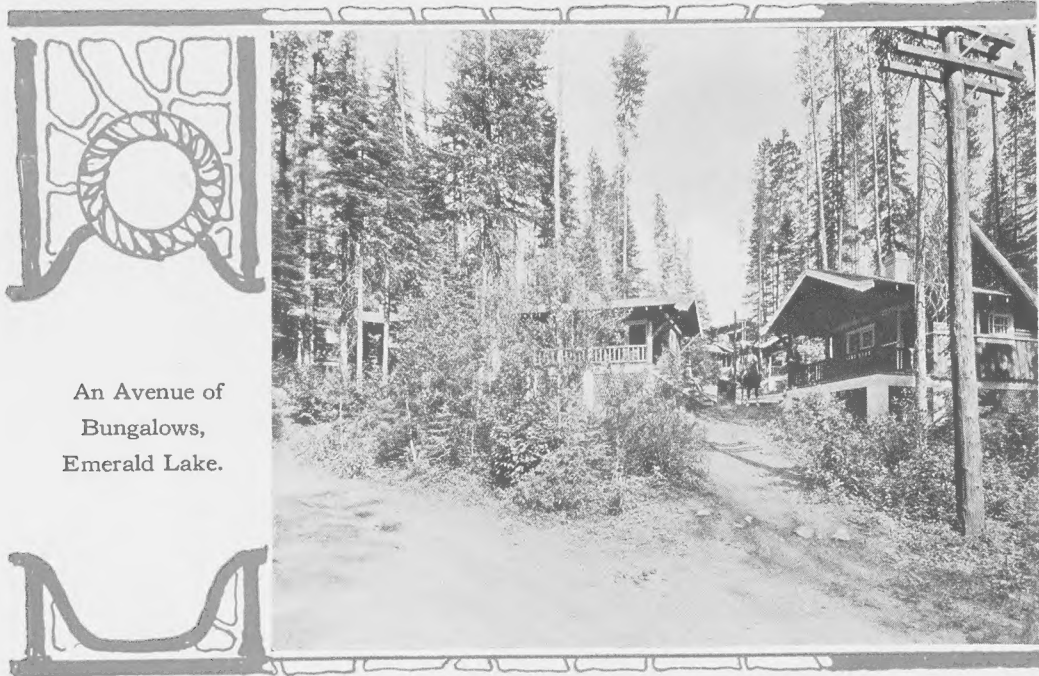
Summit Lake A cool, moist forest presently opens. A stiff pull and you are over the top, cantering gaily down a broad avenue hemmed by meadows of red and white heather. And then the Summit Teahouse flashes in the clearing, and Summit Lake, green like Emerald, but not so large.

You are apt to think (with no disloyalty to the Chalet's particular brand of banana cream pie) that the meal provided at the Tea House is the most completely satisfying assemblage of food you have ever eaten.

And after? Why, the downhill journey into a misty twilight. Down, down, down, while shadows, huge, like mountains, fold you about; a yellow patch flares in the darkness—home and sleep. The end of the adventure—which is, after all, only the beginning of another and better one, somewhere else!

Farther A-Field Speaking of Field and the more distant ranges, there are many profitable trips to be taken using the station as a base. For example, there is the ascent of Mount Stephen, once the most climbed peak in the Rockies. You can scratch around in the old fossil beds from which thirty-two species of trilobites and brachiopods have been determined. Then there is another fossil bed in Mount Field, prolific in animal remains that date from the middle of the Cambrian age, when the only chance of exploring the district would have been from the back of a sea-horse!

Or you can ride down into the Ottertail Valley, which will beguile you into thinking it the most exquisite place you have yet seen. The sky is pierced by jagged pinnacles of all shapes and colors; glaciers doze in the stillness, and reigning over all is Mount Goodsir, lifting his triple head 11,676 feet into the empyrean.



An Avenue of
Bungalows,
Emerald Lake.

From Field you can ride or drive to Wapta on a fine road that parallels the railway for about sixteen miles. Then you can go by trail eight miles more to lovely Lake O'Hara. Or, if restlessness still prods you, there is a trail back to Field over the Duchesnay and Dennis Passes. If you are a climber, scornful of honest equine transportation—well, consult the map. You have a choice as wide as the mountains themselves.

A Circle Trip Yoho National Park offers every inducement to linger for weeks; but by means of these bungalow camps, which serve as focal points for the fine series of roads and trails, it is possible to visit it thoroughly in five

days, without retracing one's steps. The following is a suggested itinerary:—

First day—motor from Field, Lake Louise or Banff to Emerald Lake, and sleep there.

Second day—ride over Yoho Pass to Yoho Camp. Lunch there, and ride on to Twin Falls. Sleep there.

Third day—ride back to Yoho Camp, and sleep there.

Fourth day—motor to Wapta Camp. Lunch there, and ride to Lake O'Hara Camp. Sleep there.

Fifth day—ride back to Wapta Camp, and sleep there.



YOHO VALLEY CAMP

Yoho The derivation of Yoho is from an Indian ejaculation of astonishment or wonder, somewhat in the manner of the "Prodigious!" of Sir Walter Scott's dominie. "Yo-H-o!" say the Crees, when they come suddenly upon anything that amazes them. The Stoney Indians say it thus: "YO-ho!"; and in all this valley, for white visitors of to-day, it is either a case of "Yo-ho!" or of simply the silence that comes from lack of knowing what to say to voice their admiration.

Field, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, is the detraining place. There, under the great hump of Mount Stephen and the crags of Mount Burgess, the auto-buses and motor-cars await to take us up to the camp. With their whistling honk they speed away across the Kicking Horse River, either left to Emerald Lake, or right to the Yoho Bungalow Camp.

The Kicking Horse Long may the truth endure regarding the origin of place names, for history is in them and the romance of reality! Of recent years a crag in the Kicking Horse Pass, somewhat in the likeness of a horse, has caused some to give that as the origin of the name; but the truth of it is otherwise, and is part of the story of the making of this wonderful railway that carries us to-day in comfort into the very heart of the wilderness. When Doctor Hector, the famous doctor and botanist of the Palliser Expedition of the fifties (who later was knighted—Sir James Hector—and became Governor of the Windward Islands) was unsaddling in the pass one day, he did not notice that he had just loosened the cinch-strap instead of drawing it free. Walking behind, as he pulled the saddle, the strap tickled the horse. Out shot its hind legs, kicking him over a cliff. Not only

was he kicked over the cliff, but he was supposed to be dead, and the Indians accompanying him were considering burying him until he opened his eyes.

The Smell of the Woods As the car runs east along the river side it is worth while to look up at the crags of Mount Stephen opposite. By careful scrutiny of some of the apparent natural cavities in these high cliffs, you will discern timbers. These holes are actually the entrances to tunnels of the Monarch Mine. The bin to hold the ore, so steep is the face of the mountain there, is like an eagle's eyrie clapped to the rock front. Even as we are looking up at it, the auto swings away into a valley down which Yoho pours its waters to the Kicking Horse River.

If you are smoking, don't toss your cigarette end lightly out. Here you are at the gateway of an earthly paradise. Remember the Scripture which sayeth: "Behold how great a matter a small fire kindleth." These tall trees must never become a bonfire. The smell of the place is what chiefly enchants us at the beginning. Newly out of the railway cars, we breathe deep of the rich odor of the woods, the blent aroma of balsam and spruce; we rush through scent, robust, invigorating scent, that fills our lungs. Yoho foams below us, and the road twists and mounts through that pervading odor and the green dusk of the forests.

Yoho Camp There are summer vacation resorts at which, though to be sure we exchange town for country, the summer heat still pursues us. One of the great charms of the Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp is that it is never too hot to sleep refreshingly there. At its altitude we have all the sun of summer days; but we have comfortable nights. The club house is perched in a meadow

YOHO VALLEY BUNGALOW CAMP

facing Takakkaw, the stream that comes down from the Daly Glacier. In a fissure of the mountains this stream drops a sheer thousand feet and more. The winds toy with it. It is not, up there, a river of water but a river of foam, and comes down with an oddly leisurely appearance despite its great drop, very much like a falling of those rockets called Golden Rain. It has its colors too, it is not always white; but of that more later.

The bungalows, in a semi-circle, are dotted round the community house, each with its simple necessities for those going into the mountains. In the middle of the cleared space before them is a small tablet to Tom Wilson, the original trail maker of these parts, who found (that is as far as whites are concerned, for it was an Indian who led him there) the Lake of Little Fishes, now called Lake Louise, and then, over the ridge behind us, Emerald Lake, in 1882. Not so long ago, that, as the centuries go! Just a moment ago, in a sense! The automobile comes now to Yoho Valley Camp where Tom Wilson came, afoot, by a dim Indian trail, or no trail at all. Otherwise all is as he saw it. Takakkaw roars, as he heard it roar, out of a notch in the cliffs below the Daly Glacier, into a sweep of rock up there like a colossal font-stone, and then overflows, even as he (the Cortez of these parts) saw it—wind-plucked foam.

Takakkaw As one sits on the verandah of the community house, lulled rather than at all troubled in spirit by that wind-borne rumble, there come at irregular intervals harsher notes in the flow of sound. These are rocks brought down by Takakkaw and dropped into that high cupped projection of the cliff that is like a stupendous font. At times there comes another accent in the orchestration, sometimes so high and crashing as to seem like the first of a peal of thunder, sometimes less thunderous and distinguishable promptly for what it is, crashing, splitting, and with a kind of vast tinkling as of ice in a thousand-fold tumbler; for it is of ice, thawed away from the forefoot of the glacier that lies there invisible above, of ice chunks washed down in the flow, dropped in the great cup and tossed to and fro there into shattered atoms.

Many people come up to the Camp in the automobiles from Field and Lake Louise, just to glimpse these falls, and go again; but happy are they who can spare the time to tarry a while. After supper one may stroll over by the little path for a nearer survey of that gauzy, billowing foam. At once one is in virgin forest. Hotels, even bungalow camps, might be leagues away. The path leads up on a hump of woods, drops to the river side, and leads across a foot-bridge to where the last spray of the falls drifts ceaselessly in the air.

It is an ideal place, this Yoho Bungalow Camp, for both riders and hikers. About a couple of miles along on the road northward we can turn aside to the left and see the Point Lace Falls. Not as high as Takakkaw, they yet have their beauty. One may weary of the multitude of Bridal Veils in

the Rockies, and wonder that those who name places and things have no brighter wit than to see so many foaming falls as bridal veils; but Point Lace Falls is otherwise. The name is apt, not banal, for that filigree of foam on a cliff face. Only a few feet farther upon the main road, to the right, a trail leads away a mere hundred yards, to other falls, called Angels' Stairs. They come zigzagging down from high cliffs, the last bastions of the Daly Glacier, again with that oddly leisurely aspect of so many precipitous waters. From shelf to shelf they drop and veer, and drop again.

Takakkaw Falls, Point Lace Falls, Angels' Stairs, are all close to camp. All three can be visited between breakfast and lunch if one cares; and then in the afternoon one may stroll a mile up the trail on the mountain immediately behind the camp, take the first tributary trail to the left, and experience, less than a mile farther on, the quiet of Hidden Lakes. There they lie, utterly whelmed round by the woods, mirroring the still trees. Not a sound but the fitting call of a whisky-jack, as whites have contorted the Indian name of the bird *wiss-katjan*. Its lonely call seems a part of all the old serenity of that place.

On the Trail The great affairs at Yoho are the rides, or the longer hikes. Past the bend of the road, where one turns aside for Takakkaw Falls, or beyond the Takakkaw Cabins, across the broad shingle of a creek that in summer time is shrunken to a series of little creeks brawling through the shingle, or past the side trails to Point Lace and the Angels' Stairs, we begin to mount into precipitous forests and into a great quiet, as if the quiet of cathedrals had somehow been brought into the open air. There is a sense of immortal ease among that big timber where the cariboo moss hangs its tassels from the branches. As we twine on, the ponies' hoofs fall almost without a sound on the ribbon of old loam or fallen cones and needles that is the trail.

The trail winds on through the green old peace and brings us to the end of Duchesnay Lake, where it is well worth while to ride quietly out a little way on to the sand; for moose often come there to drink, and may even be seen feeding in the lush grass at the farther end.

People are apt to talk of tropic color, as though the tropics had a monopoly of color; but here already, even before we come to the flower-covered upland meadows, we have it. In high summer here, the skies are wontedly of an unfathomable blue above the spires of the tall spruce trees, and in the balsams, though they are nominally green, there lurks a sift of blue. It is there, and not there, just as the light strikes, as subtle as the bloom on peaches. Chinks of distant cliff also, between the branches, make an inlay of blue and grey-blue and the hue of pumice-stone. And sudden, among the green, there is whiteness and then the drumming of a creek. We coast a foaming little gorge, and on a long bridge crossing it look up at the rock over which it pours.



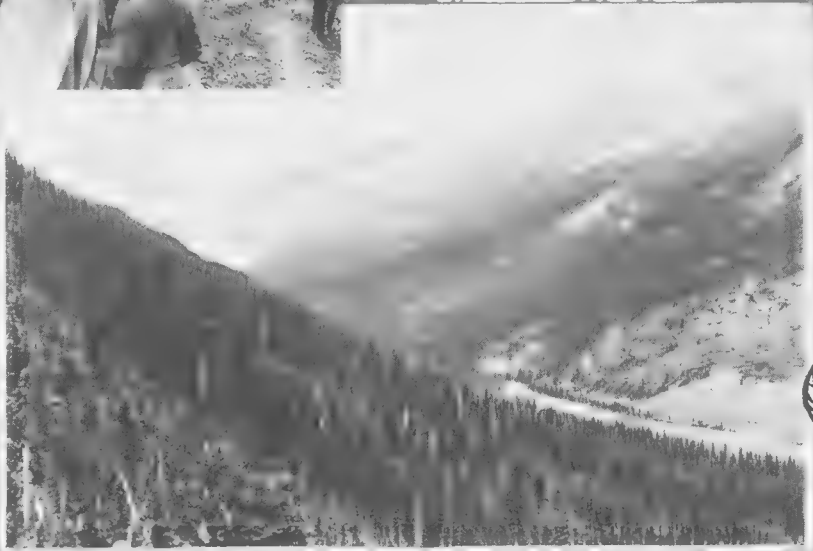
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1. Point Lace Falls, in the Upper Yoho Valley.
2. The Twin Falls are vast columns of water which drop almost perpendicularly.
3. Twin Falls Rest House—pivot of a wonderful trip.
4. The Upper Yoho Valley, showing the Yoho Glacier.

YOHO VALLEY BUNGALOW CAMP

Twin Falls This is Laughing Falls, and we dismount and turn aside from the trail to see how it churns in the cup of rock at its base. It is like an inverted fountain, but with the spread at its foot instead of at its top. We mount again and ride on our way to Twin Falls, and soon we see them, far and high, at an angle of maybe fifty degrees. Below us a river tom-toms, its canyon strewn with trees brought down out of the forests, criss-crossed and tossed and wild.

Just before we leave that view to twist on and up into the higher forests again, we have a glimpse of the gulch through which the river flows. Beyond that crevice we see the exquisite green end of a sequestered glen, a place that to those of us who remember stolen moments at school over Deadwood Dick and such heroes must inevitably suggest the secret pocket where our once idolized outlaw unbitted and unsaddled his steed and left him to feed while he took his sheriff-free ease. On again, up and up, through the wash of green lights we go. The roar of waters ebbs away; all is silent save perhaps for the mew of a cat-bird; and then we come to where the trails fork, one leading directly on to Twin Falls, one going up the valley to its end. And what an end!

An Alpine Flower Garden For a couple of miles or so we ride farther on up the narrowing valley, coasting, rising and dipping along its slopes. There is here no great profusion of underbrush. The trees stand up like living pillars, and below them and by the trail side wild flowers flaunt and fade through the exquisite summer—tall clusters of columbine, yellow-arnica, tufts of labrador tea, wild heliotrope, white hedy-sarum and the little low flowers of the wild raspberry. We pass as we ride evidences of old occupancy, here and there the time-darkened notches where were once marten traps, and the ruins of a trapper's cabin, the roof fallen in—what was once a cosy winter's home, a corral of sunshine now,—a berry bush, a tuft of willow-herb, a dance of butterflies. All is intensely still, hushed and tranquil. When we come to the last rise among the timber and look out on the glacier that is the valley's end, we, too, could cry: "Yo-ho!"

There is something individual about these glaciers. They seem each to have personality and entity. To write of it now is to recall it again vividly. There it rolls and hangs, at Yoho's end, from névé to forefoot, as if it looked at us, watched us come, noted us. As we draw rein on the last spur of woods and stare out across the boulder-strewn hollow it seems in some wild unfathomable way to look back at us. We meet the Yoho Glacier.

The Yoho Glacier The Yoho Glacier is as if over-laid upon the mountain crest and sides by some master jeweller whose medium is ice and rocks—colored ice, colored rocks—instead of silver and enamels. The curved top is of a whiteness beyond anything but that of what it is—névé snow. The lower seracs are each individualized in the clear air, with subtle blue shadows.

Mrs. Walcott, the gifted wife of a gifted man (Dr. Charles D. Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution), and daughter of a famous mountaineer, took, over a series of years, in company with her brother, measurements of the Yoho Glacier to determine the rate of its movement.*

To know such details of the lives of these great crests of snow, these pinnacles, and chasms (seracs and crevasses) of green and translucent blue, just as the quality of the day's light decrees, adds to our interest, but to many of us it is the pictorial aspect that chiefly counts, that we carry away in our mind's eye. Back home again we remember the exquisite Yoho Glacier, across that vast cup of shingle and frothing streams. For it is exquisite. It does not give a sense of horror, as do some ice fields. The beauty of it triumphs over that.

For the majority the ride up the valley to the culminating glacier is enough for one day. One does not wish to glut the mind, does not wish to pack over-summerly into the store-house of memory too much beauty all at once. That ride from camp to where the trails fork can well be taken again without growing weary of it. But one does not, as it happens, have to return at once, for close to the Twin Falls is Twin Falls Rest House, a picturesque log-cabin house that provides meals that would be attractive anywhere, but are still more highly appreciated because they are where they are, and also have sleeping accommodation. Rising refreshed next morning, we can return by what is called the High Trail.

The High Trail We are now in an ecstatic betwixt and between region. We look down on tree-tops and the white swerve of the stream. We look up at the cliff face where, in two notches, the Twin Falls pour down. They are like Takakkaw, or Laughing Falls, seen in duplicate. On a hump of confronting mountain below them, frisked about by squirrels, is the cabin where we stop for lunch. Girths are loosened, the horses are unbitted and munch oats, while we drink tea that may be the same brand as we have at home but that does not seem at all the same—some nectar instead. One might call this place the Well at the World's End!

After leaving the Twin Falls Cabin, we ride along the farther, the western edge of the valley, mounting by easy grades. We pass a little lake, still as glass, and (like glass) mirroring trees and

*Those who are interested in such matters, the technology, if one may put it so, behind the beauty and majesty that delight our eyes here, should procure the little pamphlet called **Modern Glaciers, their movements and the methods of observing them**, by William S. Vaux, a report from the Proceedings of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia: or, if that be unobtainable (and it is somewhat scarce), **Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks**, by A. P. Coleman, published by the Department of the Interior, Dominion Park Branch. In that brochure are also included notes of Five Great Glaciers of the Canadian National Parks, by A. O. Wheeler. Massive tomes, of course, have been written on glaciers, but either of these can easily be slipped into the pocket, and tell us much in little space.



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1. From Field to Yoho Camp you can either motor or ride.
2. Summit Lake Rest—and a welcome one !
3. Takakkaw Falls are 1,200 feet high.
4. The trail to Burgess Pass.

YOH VALLEY BUNGALOW CAMP

reeds round its edges, and in its middle the sky. To our right, behind an old rock slide, towers a barrier of cliffs; and our coming is announced by the high shrill whistle of a hoary marmot. Always there seems to be one there, sitting on a rock as sentinel. It is something to have heard the lonely call of a loon, and the warning whistle of a marmot, to have glimpsed a moose in its own domain instead of to stare at it where it pines behind the bars of a numbered cage at the zoological gardens.

So musing we ride on upon the winding trail, looking up at the old cliff face. As we rise in the world we come to a torrent, and the log bridge over it gives us a shock. So much of the old original world has been round us that a bridge seems out of place! Crossing it we ride into one of those Alpine meadows that are just dotted with tree and all carpeted with purple and white bryanthus. From the odor of balsam we ride into the scent of wild flowers. Here the Indian paint-brush (both white and red) grows in clusters. To right is a tree upon which is printed: "To the A.C.C. Camp." [Alpine Club of Canada.] That is one of the ways into the Little Yoho Valley. A beautiful lesser valley abutting on the main one, a long lateral sweep of just such high flowered meadows hung round with woods, then rocks, then glacier edges.

High Up in the World Even as the glaciers seem each to have their individuality, their personality, so do the upland lakelets to which we come. There is one here, Lake Celeste, an exquisite expanse of water, two green mirrors for the surrounding peaks, with a narrows connecting them. Through a V of the hills to north-west of it we look to a sweep of snow; if a white cloud to match it topples above against the shimmer of the sky, the picture is complete. We have left the sound of falls and the roar of compressed waters. There is just utter quiet up here, and the sky. And a little way on we have impression of riding near to empty space, coasting cloud-land.

We are high above Yoho Valley, looking across the summer shimmer at the great Waputik snowfield. No snowfield, thus far south, is larger. Its long easy undulations invite an eye-journey. We rein in, and in fancy wander over it from where it sweeps down into Daly Glacier to where the pinnacles of Trolltinder stand fantastically to the empty dome above. We realize how infinitely we have been mounting since we left Twin Falls. We are riding in a slight depression of land, this upland meadow sweeping up slightly at its lower end instead of making an increasing grade to the cliff sides; and dismounting there, the guide invites us to come up that cup-like edge and look. We leave the horses tearing grass and walk a few yards after him.

Yoho, Yoho, indeed! As we come to that edge of jagged rocks, a sort of natural bastion, suddenly the sense of quiet ends. There come to us, slam, abrupt, a roar of waters and a sigh of wind. The sigh is in the tops of the forest on which we look down a thousand feet below; the roar is of all the foaming torrents blent, below again, and beyond,

and everywhere, of Yoho and Takakkaw, of the Angels' Stairs and Point Lace, of Laughing Falls, of Whisky-Jack Falls, and all the other tumbling waters of that valley upon which we look down.

A Spacious View

We know then where we are. We are somewhere on those stupendous cliffs above the Bungalow Camp that, loafing on the verandah of the community house, we recently looked up at, wondering how one could get there. It is a spot that invites us to linger. There is a feeling there as of being winged, not bound to earth. Takakkaw Falls, which from below as we rode out in the morning seemed very high above us, are far below, across the valley; but now not white. The westerning sun is on Takakkaw; the likeness to the falling dust of these rockets called Golden Rain is intensified. The foam billows and drifts; the fine spray hangs in the air like steam, but the sun has turned it to the semblance of broken opals.

The Camp from which we started we cannot see below us; it is hidden by a ledge of rock, over which Whisky-Jack Falls pour down, but away south through a gap of the tossed landscape we can pick out, in that clear air, the faint scar of the Canadian Pacific track going into the Spiral tunnels beyond the Kicking Horse River. That is one thing the High Trail gives us—a sense of spaciousness. At last we tear ourselves away, and half-a-dozen steps down the slope from that look-out ridge, suddenly, as if a door was shut, the roar of waters and the sigh of winds are obliterated. A spirit of immortal ease basks in these heath-covered high meadows. Aslant up the farther side of this one, another trail debouches, to wind away through further peace round the Little Yoho Valley and join the far end of that one the beginning of which we noted some way back, with its board announcing the way to the Alpine Club Camp.

Strange Scrawled Rocks

But our way, on the High Trail, leads on through a saddle of this meadow. And there we are back at the beginning of things, seeing a bit of our planet very obviously in the making. "The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky" speak to us with that "still small voice." If we have lived much in cities this grandeur and this wildness are revelations. Here, with the strewn debris of eons before us, we realize these old ages of our earth instead of just reading of them in books of geologists.

Topping the saddle we leave the flowers behind and begin to coast a vast slope of boulders intersected by ravines, each with its turbulent, gully, glacial stream. That is an awe-inspiring stretch. The sure-footed ponies walk daintily here. We look up, and see the melting ends of the ice, the glacier tongues of the President Range. Ahead, a majestic cone, Mount Wapta stands in the clear day.

We can if we wish, when we come again to a fork in the trail, ride straight on into the timber and go dropping down through the woods there to

YOHO VALLEY BUNGALOW CAMP

Summit Lake; or, if we prefer, we can take the descending trail that leads into the woods immediately over the invisible Yoho Camp, and so home. That, for one with time to spare, is the usual procedure, for the trail ahead through the last rocks shows us no more of the great sweep of Yoho than we have already seen, and to Summit Lake we can go another day, and another way. Having entered the timber again, and got down-hill half-way to camp, we see a board on a tree, beside a path tangential off uphill again—the trail, announces that board, to Summit Lake, Burgess Pass, Emerald Lake. Thus we know in advance, climbing thither again next day, where we have to branch off.

Burgess Pass Our objective another day is beyond Summit Lake, round the shoulder of Wapta and on to Burgess Pass. It is a wonderful journey. The great crags of Wapta flaunt up to left close by. To right, at every step, there bob up higher new visions of the President Range, and then, as the trail swings south, and rises over the flanks of Wapta, it is once again for us: "Yo-h-o!"

"What came we out for to see?"—"A reed shaken in the wind!" Yes, even something so. It is all here spread before us. We rest our eyes, our hearts, our minds on the grand view. We are coasting along into Burgess Pass between the height of timber and the edge of the high rocks. A little wind sighs in the spruce tops, shaking their scent in the air below; around us the wild flowers grow, tall anemones, beard's tongue, rhododendrons, Alpine milk-vetch, whole clumps of Indian paint brush, and dainty orchids.

Unless the haze of distant fires fuzzes the air (and thanks to warnings to campers and their increasing carefulness, fires become less frequent in these ranges) we have a seemingly limitless view. All the President Range looks over the intervening miles at us, and we look back and in imagination pry in its wedges of dense forest, scale its cliffs, adventure over its glaciers.

Twenty Million Years Old

The guides can point out to you the way to the now well-known Burgess Pass Fossil Quarry, which was discovered by Dr. Walcott in 1910. This quarry has yielded to science the finest and largest series of Middle Cambrian fossils yet unearthed, and the finest invertebrate fossils discovered in any formation. These wonderful specimens are now to be seen at the Institution's Museum at Washington. The shale of Burgess Pass is remarkable in that it keeps in preservation animals as non-resistant as worms and jelly-fish, even to their internal parts. When the great slabs of this shale were blasted loose they had then to be split very carefully with a chisel to expose the fossil remains in them that had been there through the long ages as flowers are pressed between the leaves of a book. For twenty million years or more these various creatures had lain there, and the significance of these discoveries regarding a wider knowledge of the making of this wonderful old planet of ours is obvious. Once that shale was mud, in which these creatures of earth's early days were embedded. There they remained through the slow ages, subjected to the pressure of that mud, and of sand and pebbles, till all was changed by that pressure and by chemicalization into sandstone, shale, limestone. Then came the lateral thrusts upraising these mountain ranges till what had been river bed became mountain summit; and there, in the peaks between Field and the Yoho Valley, all manner of queer things that had once, ages and ages ago, slithered in ooze, were elevated intact and kept for the curious twentieth century geologist to pry loose.*

*To the geologist the whole region is intensely interesting. We commend to our readers who are interested in the subject **A Geologist's Paradise**, which is a paper reprinted in booklet form (by Judd and Detweiler, Inc., Washington, D.C.) from the **National Geographic Magazine** of June, 1911, by Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. It includes a panoramic view photograph taken from the side of Mount Burgess with a Circuit camera, showing the whole sweep of mountains from the Van Horne range to Mount Dennis.





WAPTA CAMP

The Magic Key "Amusement Park" is by no means an inaccurate description of Camp

Wapta, for it is the Magic Key that unlocks some of the most enchanting districts in the Rocky Mountains.

Just after the westbound train on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway leaves the Great Divide—where passengers delight in drinking from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at one and the same time, where they can walk from Alberta to British Columbia and back again in the space of a few seconds, and where (at the suggestion of an imaginative porter) they perform all manner of ritual in the hope of conquering rheumatism, indigestion, neuritis, financial distress, romantic infelicities, or a general misdirection of the Evil Eye—just after leaving this point, you start on a noticeable descent and coast down to Hector Station. Two ancient totem poles give you an impressive welcome, and mark the way to the launch that meets all trains.

At Hector you are about two and a half miles from the Great Divide, and one hundred feet below the summit of the crest. Lake Wapta, spreading at your feet, does not look half a mile long or a quarter of a mile wide, as the guide-books say. Like most of the Rocky Mountain lakes, its color is an indescribable green, varying in shade with every whim of the atmosphere—jade, emerald, apple, grass—and looking frequently as though gallons of rich yellow cream had leaked into it.

Echoes of the Past There's a gentleman in the launch, obviously an old-timer. He

points down the lake to where a narrow passage has just swallowed up the train.

"Kicking Horse Pass," he says, in a geological tone of voice, "the head of Kicking Horse Canyon. Up

there," he indicates a peak emerging from the sky-line, "live the ancestors, one might say, of the river—the Lefroy and Victoria glaciers. More intimate relationship is traced with Lake O'Hara however. Cataract Brook, just behind you, brings down a great volume of water from O'Hara, and empties into Lake Wapta. The Kicking Horse River, whose immediate source is this lake, stretches out forty miles in length, and in that distance it has a drop of 2,700 feet. Originally, it was called Wapta, which to the Stoneys and Kootenays meant 'River.' It was still 'Wapta' when Sir George Simpson went through the Pass."

You have always associated the Kicking Horse with Sir James Hector, and say so. The gentleman assumes a platform manner, encrusted with reproof.

"The earliest published account of this district," he informs the passengers, "is found in Sir George Simpson's travels. He penetrated this pass in August, 1814, and went down the Wapta River to the Pacific Coast. It was nearly half a century later that Sir James Hector's party came through, and re-named the river to commemorate an accident Sir James suffered about nine miles farther west—at Field."

The launch is scraping the dock when he adds:

"This Kicking Horse Valley long ante-dated the glacial period. The river lived its childhood at a time when the upward lift of the mountains was just beginning, when Victoria and Stephen and Cathedral were insignificant ledges, some 4,000 feet lower than they stand to-day."

You scramble ashore, alarmed lest he should continue, lest that buoyant, golden air be freighted with such ponderous terms as "Archeozoic," or "Silurian," or "Miocene." Somehow, that wouldn't seem decent—on this kind of a morning!



Sherbrooke
Lake.

What a View! Wapta Camp Club House verandah welcomes you with a variety of lounge chairs, into one of which you sink.

Multi-colored Iceland poppies fringe the steps you have just climbed; Indian paint-brush and columbine and fire-weed spread a gay mantle over the slope, on which a cluster of rustic cabins are also strewn; the lake—an immense area of apple-green glass—reflects a powder-puffy cloud, and presently you discern two ducks bobbing about near the shore. They used to provide great amusement for the Wapta guests, more than one of whom will corroborate the statement that at the first blast of the whistle the ducks would appear and race the train the entire length of the lake!

Beyond the lake and the railway a high plateau rises. It is guarded by Narao on the left, and on the right by Cathedral Crags. A straggling growth of trees creates the illusion of perpetual cloud-shadows, and puzzles you on a dull and sunless day. From the verandah, you can see stern Mount Stephen (named after the first president of the Canadian Pacific), and Victoria, who takes off her alabaster crown and rests her old gray head through most of the summer, but who always wears a gleaming, opalescent scarf of snow and ice. And were your vision sufficiently penetrating to pierce that glacier, you could look right through to lovely Lake Louise.

Up there beyond Narao, when the valley between it and Victoria is crowded with mist, you will see a giant obelisk glide out of the void, and refresh your soul with its simple grandeur. It is the Watch Tower and its Sentinel—a monumental peak of mystery, impossible to discern save under certain atmospheric conditions, but surpassingly impressive in its emergence.

First of all Lunch First, you must have lunch. Yes, of course, it's sordid to think of

food in these inspiring surroundings, but the urge is irresistible after you've heard the note of a curious, three-tiered bell that hangs on the verandah. Heaven knows what its Arabic characters signify, for it is a *camel procession bell*, whose message probably concerns itself with prayers for water or for rain—both superfluous in this land of mountain freshets! But a literal translation is ignored in an assault upon the dining room, where quaint Spanish china fraternizes with English pottery in harmonious yellows and golds; and the quantity of food at which you protested disappears as though some magician's hand had spirited it away.

From the dining room you can see a blue-toned apartment, dedicated to correspondence and the game of bridge. The brasses and bronzes and chintzes, the general artistry of effect, rouse a hint of envy in your soul, and you are apt to say, "I wish I could achieve a room like that!" The Curio Shop will help, for beside Indian blankets, hair hat-bands, old English prints, batik, and less expensive souvenirs, there is many an *objet d'art* that will offer suggestions and tempt you to buy.

Sherbrooke Lake Subduing the delicious languor that threatens to culminate in a nap, you set out for Sherbrooke

Lake. The best reason for riding is that you're too lazy to walk. Five miles covers the round trip, and the trail is beautifully wooded most of the way. Early in the season a hundred varieties of wild flowers offer their perfume and their blithe colors for your delight; later, a profusion of berries tempts you to test statistics regarding the capacity of the

**Kicking Horse
Canyon Rest.**



human stomach. As you rise, step by step, the world becomes full of mountain peaks, and you are conscious of a new sensation, a very pleasing sensation. You have grown—attained a mental and spiritual stature that synchronizes with the surrounding grandeur. Little things have fallen away. With every deep-drawn breath, you feel a closer kinship with the Giver of all Great Gifts; you look about for the lesser gods, secure in the sense that the mountain fastnesses belong also to you.

Sherbrooke lies in a depression between Mount Ogden and Paget Peak. It receives into its alluring green deeps water from the Daly Glacier, whose great tongue forms the marvel known as Takakkaw Falls, in Yoho Valley. Not the least interesting feature of a sojourn in the Rockies is linking up lake and glacier, trail and crag; tracing tribal beginnings, as it were, discovering relationships in this vast picture gallery that Nature and the Canadian Pacific have opened.

A Hanging Lake A mile long, and 700 feet above Wapta, Sherbrooke is an excellent example of a "hanging lake," provided a lake in a hanging valley may be so called. If you are an irreclaimable fisherman, you will take trout from Sherbrooke, but otherwise you will agree that it is little short of criminal to tempt the poor things to leave their beautiful ice-cold home.

There is a row-boat riding gently at anchor, and lying on your back in it, staring at the sky which is thick and blue and empty like a desert, you rock and drift without a care, without a thought, wrapped about in the caress of that unreliable companion, Contentment, whose merit is too often ignored until its presence is withdrawn.

Very curious is the sensation when half of your horse has achieved the angle of the switchback, and the other half has not. Fervently you hope he will not break in two. He takes the trail without haste, presuming possibly that you will want to watch avalanches tumbling down Mount Stephen. They look like a cloud of feathers, and several seconds pass before you hear the roar. A silly little toy train, with two engines, crawls up the canyon of the Kicking Horse. A tinier launch slides across the green pool down there, and leaves a band of watered ribbon in its wake. You look about for Santa Claus, or perhaps a small boy who ought to be somewhere near operating these mechanical devices. Rounding a curve, a cluster of doll-houses comes into view. Why, they must be Wapta Camp, although you can scarcely believe it!

Kicking Horse Canyon Next morning the sun is singing a golden melody when you awake. Pushing off the mound of gay red blankets, you throw a match into the stove, and almost immediately your cabin is flooded with pungent warmth. No camping was ever like this—a spacious house all your own, hardwood floors, screened windows, a verandah, a clothes cupboard, an insomnia-proof bed, electric light, running water; and outside, Rocky Mountains rising all around you, calling from their lavender-shadowed peaks.

An enormous fire is burning in the dining room. Morning and evening it greets you, and you simply can't believe that people in the cities are being prostrated by the heat.

Someone suggests the Canyon Tea House for lunch and bridge. You really should walk the glorious three miles, but you've taken a fancy to that mettlesome horse; and besides, you're trying for



1. These Indian totem poles came from Vancouver Island.
2. One of the Sleeping Bungalows, Wapta Camp.
3. Both Sherbrooke and Wapta Lakes afford trout fishing.
4. A corner of the Club House, Wapta Camp.

The Field-
Lake Louise
Road.

(Photograph
by Leonard
Frank)



a Trail Rider's gold-button—a modest decoration that will tell the world you have explored five hundred miles of Canadian Rocky Mountain trails. Every mile counts!

No need to take a guide. Turn westward and proceed down the old bed of the railway, now part of the motor road connecting Yoho, Emerald Lake, Field and Wapta with Lake Louise. The Kicking Horse Canyon is called by the geological gentleman "a young canyon." Its vertical walls rise 300 feet in places, and they are filled with the clamor of rushing waters, drowning the noise of the upcoming train. Very suggestive of the pass beside the Bow River into Banff Park is the Canyon of the Kicking Horse. Its width (before the construction of the motor highway) was just sufficient to admit the railway tracks.

A few yards below the narrowest spot, on the right, you will notice a cataract that looks like liquid beryl. It comes direct from Sherbrooke Lake, and flings itself into the Kicking Horse as though determined to tear the very soul from the patient earth. In one mile it drops 800 feet.

The Canyon presses in upon you, a roofless tunnel. Far below, the Kicking Horse hews its frenzied way between rust-colored rocks to whose unfriendly sides cling shrubs and even trees. The walls of stone lean towards one another, as though trying to heal the scar cut by the plunging river. Each bend of the road is barricaded by crenellated ridges that dip and rise and sway and swim, while fleets of cloud in a cobalt sea stand motionless above them.

The Tea House Presently you command an excellent view of the Spiral Tunnels, constructed by the Canadian Pacific to

overcome this too-rapid descent through the Canyon. The Upper Tunnel lies in the base of Cathedral Mountain, and is 3,255 feet long. The lower one, which can be seen so clearly from the road, cuts through Mount Ogden, and measures 2,922 feet. By building these tunnels, the line was lengthened about four and a half miles, but the grade was reduced from 4.5 per cent to 2.2.

The Tea House is a gem of rustic beauty. Scarcely a year old, it is so artistically placed and fashioned that it seems to have grown up with the mountains. Perched on a bluff overlooking a deep-bosomed, purple valley, it commands a superb view of the Waputik Ice Fields and the Habel Glacier. From the front verandah you will thrill at the sight of Cathedral Spires.

Unless this booklet is to be read on the spot, it would not be kind of me to recall the deep raspberry and blueberry pies! Nor the other items on the menu—and I hate to think of the futility of doing exercises when one eats a meal like that! But—this is the truth, mind!—*nothing happens!* You don't get ill, or explode. But you don't play bridge either. You just sit spell-bound, drunk with the wonder of the place, hypnotized by its enveloping splendor. The sun is hazy and hot. Every breath of wind is heavy with the odor of balsam. A recurrence of that emotion you felt when climbing to Sherbrooke steals over you—the world seems better than ever before; the people, nicer. Life isn't, after all, such a deadly bore.

When supper is served, you are still there, staring off to where the sky is dropping stealthily over Yoho Valley.

And then the mountains are fused with the fires of sunset. Day dies, and its ghost comes forth. In the distance there is endless passing of substance



On the Trail
to Sher-
brooke
Lake.

into shadow and shadow into substance. A star quivers above a tree that looks like a tall, black candle.

It's time to go home.

Ross Lake A picnic ground par excellence is Ross Lake, which lies in the opposite direction, off what is known as the Lake Louise Upper Trail.

There is an element of adventure in starting for this point, because, unlike Sherbrooke, the Canyon, or O'Hara, Ross Lake is not inevitably at the end of the trail. Directions for finding it are a medley of blazed trees, fallen branches, forked streams and sundry other forest landmarks—interesting, but not perceptibly helpful. Armed with such, however, you mount your horse, take your lunch, turn eastward, and hope you can guess when you've gone four and a half miles.

What does it matter if you follow a few wrong by-ways? You can always come back parallel to the railroad; you can always rest on a fallen tree and watch Mount Bosworth, where, like as not, a sheep or two will be scrambling. Near at hand,

you may surprise a deer—or he may surprise you—or a bear, or a porcupine; and, of course, there are hundreds of greedy, inquisitive gophers.

Be not deceived by the little green stain lying in a dry sandy stretch just beside the track. This is only Sink Lake, the bottom of which is said to be quicksand.

Page the Ross Lake lies hidden be-
Mediterranean! tween Niblock and Narao.

A wall of jealous trees guards it from a surprise attack. It breaks upon your vision little by little and grudgingly. Over a carpet of moss at least three feet thick, and patterned with twin-flowers, you tip-toe to the water's edge. Cathedral silence lies upon the world. No, not quite, for the drumming of plunging falls—a sound with which you are now familiar—breaks through the stillness.

That waterfall leaps from the very sky, and makes a silver seam down the face of the rock. Perhaps, like clouds, it has a silver lining. Numerous smaller cataracts glisten in the sun. They appear, not from any visible source, but as ex-subterranean channels through the moraine.





LAKE O'HARA CAMP

An Irish Lake High above the sea, and far below the sky, lies lovely Lake O'Hara in a world that is fairy born.

John S. Sargent, R.A., declared once that it was one of the purest gems in the Rocky Mountains: and judging by the number of artists who foregather in the district each summer, there must be many who agree with him. None can deny that Lake O'Hara possesses a wild but tender charm peculiarly its own.

There are two or three ways into Lake O'Hara; but since we are at Wapta Lake, we will put first the favorite and most convenient. O'Hara is almost eight miles by trail south of Wapta Lake, and you will find your path very easily. It leads round the lower end of the beautiful circular lake out of which the Kicking Horse River cuts its blustering way. A bridge marks the head of the Canyon, whose incessant roar misleads you sometimes into thinking that half a dozen locomotives are thundering up the grade; and after a short canter beside the track, you push into a timbered area, a few hundred yards west of Cataract Brook.*

Cataract Brook Coming out into the open, and gaining the top of a barren plateau, across which Narao (left) and Cathedral Crags (right) regard one another haughtily, you look back upon a toy village, strewn on the slope of Paget Peak. A stretch of moire green silk unrolls at its feet, with ribbons of white a-flutter from its chimneys—for there is frost in the early morning

*In days gone by the main trail followed the course of this mountain stream, and a beautiful alternative it is to-day. But few persons use it, for horses are forbidden its steep and spectacular ascent.

air. For about three miles your pony canters along a level plain that might be monotonous but for the splendid Watch Tower that emerges on the left. A magic peak is this, and monastic in its simplicity; strangely enough, it is invisible from Wapta save when clouds or mist flood the valley between Narao and Victoria. Then the Watch Tower comes forth, and awed you contemplate its emergence, feeling that you are witnessing the mystery of a world's birth.

An Empire of Grandeur From now on, the ascent is rapid. Emerging from the jade temple of the forest, there stretches before you a little bridge, a causeway dividing the timber and permitting you a most glorious view. From Victoria, now a little bit behind, your gaze travels over Wiwaxy, as the Stonies designated this "windy" bulk, Huber, Lefroy, Yukness—the Sioux word for "sharpened"—and Hungabee; to the front, Biddle and Schaeffer will rise against the azure sky; then comes Odaray, as the Stonies called "the cone," and far to the right the noble lines of Cathedral may be seen—monarchs all, in an empire of grandeur that acknowledges no superior in the world.

Such an Alpine garden! The botanist-lady says one can count seventy-five varieties of wild flowers in half as many minutes. Delicate as a muted harmony, many of them; others flame with regal insolence and the whole meadow is so thickly carpeted that picking your way through it without damaging some of the blossoms is utterly impossible. The siren-song of a cascade calls; you push on, passing through a grove of spruces, and the richly colored waters of Lake O'Hara invite your admiration.



A Drink on
the Side.

When the World was very Young Long, long ago, when the world was very young, a group of dryads and naiads asked Mother Nature to give them a playground that would be indisputably their own. They begged for a distant and secret place, free from the intrusion of giants and titans and satyrs, and other nuisances of their remote day. And so, with her finger on her lips, Mother Nature led them to a mile-long jewel, nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, and hidden partially by the copper skirts of Wiwaxy, partially by the towering ramparts of Lefroy (down whose chest a snowy beard still sweeps), and partially by a fortress of trees standing so close together that the sun is defeated when he tries to throw a blanket over its shimmering surface.

Blue as a sapphire, green as a peacock's tailfeathers, amethyst and rose, this little lake was the playground of fairy-folk for many a long year. Then, one day, a curious two-legged creature who had lost his horns and tail along with his immortality strayed into the hidden garden. Following him there came a soft-treading, fleet-footed Indian, and later a trapper or two. It was terrible when, for the first time, the fairy-folk heard a gun fired at one of their gentle companions. In a panic, they fled to the far end of the lake, and besought protection of the Giant Lefroy. And the benign old rocks gathered them in a sheltering embrace—and there they are to-day, the Seven Sisters' waterfall, mingling their tears in an agony of bereavement over their lost paradise.

Lake O'Hara For us, Lake O'Hara was "discovered" by Mr. J. J. McArthur, of the Dominion Land Survey; and for its name geography is indebted to an Indian Army Officer who spent much time camping there—who might

be said to be the first tourist to penetrate the district. Colonel O'Hara loved it as the dryads must have loved it. He would have kept its very existence a secret, if he could.

His favorite camping site was not on the shore of Lake O'Hara, but on a branch trail that leads to Opabin Pass. A few minutes' walk from the fork brings you to an exquisite little pool which, except for its proximity to Lake O'Hara, would command the allegiance you have already given the larger body. It is comparatively warm—as those mountain lakelets go—and courageous bathers often refresh themselves in its piquant depths.

The Bungalow Camp It is a far cry from the primitive tents and teepees of Colonel

O'Hara to the cosy log-cabin bungalows that comprise one of the most picturesque and attractive resorts in the Rockies. These cabins, accommodating one, two, three or four persons, are strewn over a wide mountain-girdled meadow, about half a mile north of the lake, occupying, many visitors contend, a superior location. It would be difficult, indeed, to determine which is the most popular in the chain of Bungalow Camps established by the Canadian Pacific Railway, but time and again one may hear visitors who have enjoyed the utmost luxury at Banff and Lake Louise declare that they like the comfortable simplicity and delightful informality of O'Hara best!

Do you believe it's good luck to find a horse-shoe? Then prepare for the best time you ever had, for you're always finding them on the Lake O'Hara trail, and every time you enter the Community House you are confronted with these emblems of providential favoritism. The andirons in the huge fire-place—in demand when city folk are wilting

LAKE O'HARA BUNGALOW CAMP

under the tepid breeze of an electric fan—are fashioned out of horse-shoes.

Good luck? Why, it's spreading all about you. Open your eyes and your soul to the grandeur everywhere displayed. Pictures, exquisite in form and composition, variety and coloring, charm the eye; icebound peaks, jagged crags, silent forests, sparking waterfalls, flower-sown meadows, clean, strong winds—all of this and much more combine to prove that these horse-shoes have brought the best luck in the world.

The Cheery Camp Fire

A very attractive feature of the evening programme at O'Hara Camp is the lighting of the camp-fire. As you sit in its ruddy glow, the sky—not to be out-done in the matter of strong coloring—begins to look like the ceiling of some ornate hall. The peaks are saturated in claret, and you would not be surprised to see, somewhere above their blackish ridge, a fresco of chubby-cheeked pages straining back from hounds in leash, ladies laughing at the falcons on their wrists, Hebes and Ganymedes holding out jars of syrup or golden goblets to the unseen gods.

Gradually, a soft and chilly dusk takes possession of the heights. Yonder, above Cathedral, a single star quivers on an opal sea, and later, when the cold rich purple of night triumphs, there—up through Opabin Pass you see the moon climbing, a great primrose moon on the face of which a tall black tree is etched.

And even when a silver rain clears the trails from dust, you don't lose touch with the mountain monarchs, hiding out there in the mist. For, sitting in the Community House, you can raise your eyes from the noisy fire and travel in imagination over the vast distance shown in a magnificent panoramic view of the country—over Victoria, Huber and Lefroy, past the Biddle amphitheatre and Lake McArthur, way around to Cathedral and the stern pinnacle of Stephen.

At night, you won't miss the camp-fire, having corn to pop, or marshmallows to roast, or dancing and songs. Perhaps an artist will give "an exhibition," and an Alpine climber will recall some of his experiences. The rain croons a lullaby on your cabin roof. A great sadness steals over your heart, for, unlike the jealous dryads and Colonel O'Hara, you wish that hundreds and hundreds of tired people could be magic-carpeted to this enchanted spot, that they could know even for one short hour the utter peace and contentment that enfold you.

Patter . . . patter . . . pat, pat, patter . . . sleep . . . sleep. The Camp, the stamping of a horse in the corral, the sharp gnawing of a porcupine at your door-step, retreat in a blur, and you are lost in oblivion.

Seasoned or Not? If you are a seasoned Alpinist, half a dozen cloud-wrapped pinnacles offer a day of memorable recreation. During the summer of 1925, when the Alpine Club

of Canada held its annual meeting at O'Hara, you could stand on the threshold of your cabin and discern, with the naked eye, climbers on five of the surrounding peaks. Their gay "halloos", though thinned by a restless wind, were clearly audible during the whole day.

If you are a botanist, the meadows will enchant you. If you are a geologist, or naturalist, there is ample opportunity for studious adventures. If you are only a common or garden tourist, whose object is to gain physical, mental and spiritual refreshment, then there are at least four popular and easy trips that you must take.

A True Alpine Lake

Everybody who visits O'Hara takes the trip to Lake McArthur, termed by many world-wide travellers the loveliest lake in the world. The trail is good, and in the main not steep. It leads, with a few short stretches, through meadow-land and in one place through a populous colony of whistling marmots. Their unexpected piercing cry may startle the uninformed, but they are perfectly harmless, and the animal lover will derive considerable pleasure from gaining their confidence. Like men, the way to their heart is through their stomach; milk chocolate forms a pleasant basis for introduction.

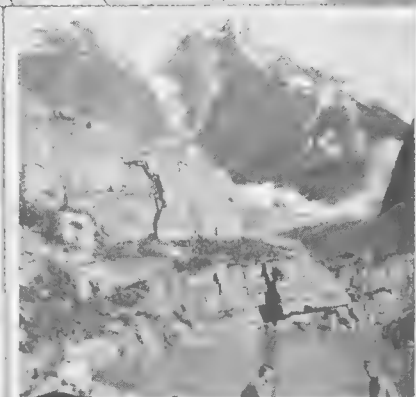
There is a good stiff pull up the rugged stony shoulder of Mount Schaeffer, and a superb view of the Ottertail Valley spreads before you. Over on the opposite side, the Trail Riders' route up Odayar from McArthur Creek is visible; blocking your own path, a narrow pass, 7,100 feet above sea level, invites you to gaze upon the wonders on the other slope.

Inside this narrow gateway stretches a stony plain—indeed, a valley. Flowers, while not in the profusion encountered in a beautiful meadow some distance back, are by no means rare. This McArthur meadow is one of the finest in this part of the mountains. A natural fortress of rock bars your passage, and there is no sign of any lake.

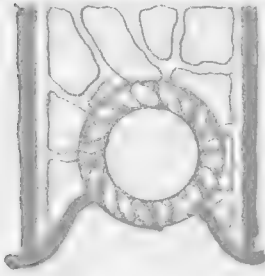
But like a burst of music it reveals itself—a patch of blue, molten splendor, so rich, so deep, that it is less a color than a sound. The inevitable exclamation dies away; noise is profane. The Spirit of the Creator holds in thrall the region.

Icebergs in July

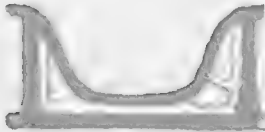
McArthur is one of the largest lakes at such high altitude (7,359 ft.) in the mountains. It is cupped in the Biddle amphitheatre, absolutely barren of trees, and overhung on one side by Schaeffer and on the other by Park Mountain. The Biddle glacier sprawls down the far end of the rock enclosure, dipping right into the lake itself; and frequently, on the hottest of summer days, icebergs may be seen bobbing about in its sapphire depths. In the extreme right-hand corner you will notice a whirlpool, where the lake seeks a subterranean outlet. There is no other. The clouds, the peaks, the glaciers are faithfully reflected in this motionless water, and the longer you stare into it,



1. Lake O'Hara (*Photograph by Leonard Frank*)
2. Lake Oesa—lake of baby icebergs.
3. The world is His—or at least, Abbot Pass is.
4. Lake O'Hara got its name from a real Irishman.



Lake McArthur.



the more ethereal does it become. A sea gull, driven Heaven knows by what urge—perhaps by that unshakable curiosity that lured Marco Polo to investigate the wonders of the world—hangs in the seethe of blue above you. A sharp clatter of rock, and a small creature, assuming in the distance about the size of a rabbit, catches your eye. It is a mountain goat scrambling up the side of Schaeffer. Near at hand, a rock rabbit squeaks.

You start to your feet registering a vow. You will spend a night at McArthur. That was a night to be remembered! The colors, as the lake changed from blue to rose and from rose to violet, were an ecstasy of delight.

The Crystal Cave The trip to Crystal Cave will seem arduous enough to the average climber, but the view from there is a high reward. The orifice is now nearly closed; only the mouth remains open, but some pieces of rock are very white and clear.

One way to reach the cave leads up the stream, at the foot of which evidences of the old Alpine Camp will be found. The other branches off from the trail just before you reach the stream, and takes you up the side of a steep and slippery bluff. Of course, there is a trail; you keep telling yourself that. But it has a disconcerting habit of wandering off somewhere in the thick bush, and leaving you to your own devices.

But persevere! Onward and upward, always bearing a little to the right. Presently the timber will fall behind you, and a great rock slide will appear. Over this you must scramble, keeping watch for a small black hole in the cliff above—which is, of course, the cave.

It is badly choked with fallen rock, and only small stalactites are to be seen. The good bits of crystal lie amid the debris.

There is quite a pleasant climb to be taken right to the top of the peak in which the cave is situated. By following the stream, one eventually comes to Opabin Pass, but nearer at hand there is a magnificent view of O'Hara, and one or two of the small lakes that are fed from Oesa.

The trip from the Bungalow Camp or Chalet and return can be made in a morning.

Lake Oesa But Lake Oesa crowns them all!

The trail is by far the most interesting, and the lake itself of a conquering beauty. It is much more inaccessible than McArthur, which accounts, probably, for the slow growth of its fame.

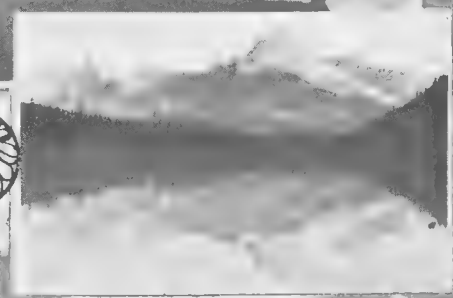
The trail leads around the north shore of Lake O'Hara to a point where the steep shores and the open slopes above seem to promise that you will reach a plateau over the rock slide. Indeed, if you parallel the waterfall, you cannot miss the trail. Steep? It looks almost impossible! But don't be discouraged. After the first level is gained, the ascent as a whole is more gradual.

The music of a pale green waterfall accompanies your stertorous breathing. On your right the Seven Sisters curtain the cliffs, and fling a rainbow mist against the sky. With a mighty heave-ho, you stand above them, and the deeper green of a lake spreads at your feet.

It is a dear little lake, but it isn't Oesa. One of the guides called it "a puddle." The trail leads over a wide gravel roadway, and then slips between giant rocks, leaving you rather bewildered, until it reveals itself once more on what may be termed "the second floor."



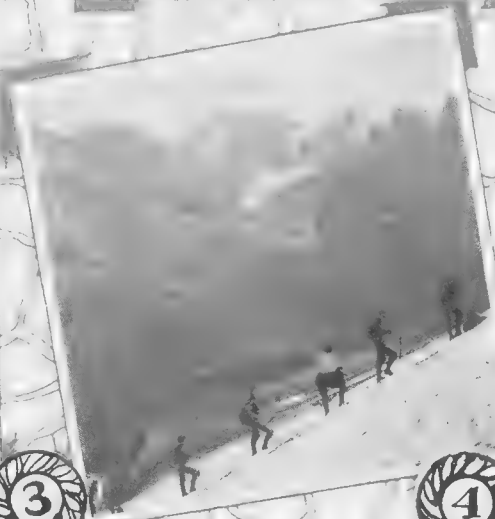
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1. One of the Sleeping Cabins, Lake O'Hara Camp.
2. Lake O'Hara—Cathedral Mountain beyond.
3. Bathing in glacial waters is not recommended—but it's done.
4. From the névé of Mount Odaray, looking towards Oesa.

LAKE O'HARA BUNGALOW CAMP

Up each stiff ascent, the clamor of rushing water drowns all other sound, but the moment you arrive at the rim of a lake, silence reigns. At the second pool the tumult of a cascade dies to a faint lisp and peace holds you in thrall. A great rock, worn away by the water, droops above the pool, and opposite, a table-land of stone feeds the lake with sliding snow. A little farther on, if rain has been recent, you will probably find a muddy spot where partridge tracks will tell a happy, domestic story.

The gorge should be mentioned. Those who are prone to "dizzy spells" may perhaps be denied this impressive sight, but with a little care an excellent footing can be found, on the face of a perpendicular rock up which you must climb by means of very narrow ledges. At the extreme right-hand end, the gorge—filled with a tempest of gray-green water and a thunderous roar—will be seen. The rocks are cut through from high above, a narrow channel scarcely more than a yard wide. It seems to connect one "floor" with another, and is truly a marvel of natural hydraulic engineering.

The Ice Lake at Last Throughout the entire trip, tinkling shale reminds you of tons of broken china, and you are caught in the frail enchantment of flower meadows, alternating with stretches of barren rock or sandy plain.

Such profusion! Such varieties! A late anemone raises its head, ignoring the flight of time. It should have had its brief day the month before! Orchids, blue-bells, lilies, paint brush, tiny rock violets, great purple beard-tongue, the red-stemmed rock sandwort, common and uncommon Arnica, and too many others even to be mentioned. Now and again an entire meadow of the puffy anemone will compass you all about, and the breeze is soft—as though tuned to an infant's breathing.

Over a rocky plain and down a gradual slope, and Oesa—meaning ice—lies at your feet. Not so blue as McArthur, not so green as O'Hara, its colour is subtly triumphant. Its desolation is that of primitive Nature; by no means the desolation of despair.

Lefroy stands directly opposite. A little to the right, the glacier pushes its cold tongue directly into the lake. Nearer the shore, an immense rock, partially submerged, suggests the contour of a sleeping sea monster. On the left, the trail to Abbot's Pass may be seen. In fact, you have branched off that trail to come to Lake Oesa.

Another window in your soul is opened. Another set of emotions is stimulated. A wider vision of the sublime—Lake Oesa surpasses them all!

There is one disturbing feature about most of these trips—you always have to leave. And it's just as well to do so before dusk blurs the trail. If the day has been clear, the world will be painted strawberry when you descend, and the "Sisters" will be wearing pale coral veils. But—what's the

use? You can't describe Oesa to anyone. You must go there yourself and see.

Over Abbot's Pass Back at the beginning we spoke of alternative routes into Lake O'Hara, and now we are at Oesa we strike one of them—in reverse. For from Oesa we can cross Abbot's Pass and descend to far-famed Lake Louise. This is not a trip for the unseasoned, the inexperienced, or the foolhardy, for it is on foot over glaciers; but provided you have a sturdy constitution, especially plenty of "spares" in the matter of breathing gear, a Swiss guide, proper climbing clothes, and about eight hours of fair weather, you can make this magnificent excursion easily.

Dozens of people make this trip every summer. It is difficult enough to be an achievement, but not dangerous or exhausting. It is absolutely imperative, however, to employ a Swiss guide. Arrangements may be made at either of the starting points—Lake O'Hara or Lake Louise, preferably the latter.

The Pass lies between Victoria and Lefroy, and has been called "the gateway to Cataract Valley"—that is, from the Lake Louise side of the range—to O'Hara, Wapta, and the Kicking Horse region. It reaches 9,598 feet above sea level and was named after Philip Stanley Abbot, a distinguished member of the Appalachian Mountain Club (Boston) who lost his life while trying to capture the peak of Mount Lefroy.

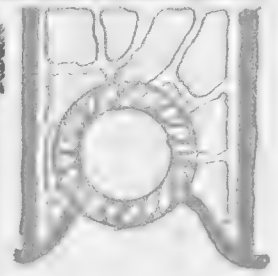
Abbot Pass is a V-shaped notch, whose secluded summit is hemmed in between mighty precipices from which avalanches constantly thunder, and from which the outlook commands nothing but naked pinnacles, snow and cataracts of ice. There is not a sign of life—neither tree nor shrub nor blade of stunted grass within the range of vision. A dead world surrounds you, a world locked in the frozen grip of snow and ice.

"It is a picture," writes Sir James Outram, "of weird wonder and desolate majesty, almost incomparable and boundlessly impressive in its might and its eternal suggestiveness."

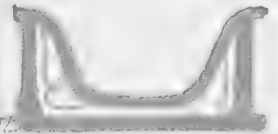
The Alpine hut at the summit of the Pass is becoming almost as well known as the adjacent resorts. The majority of people use it as a lunch objective, but it is convenient for parties who wish to remain the night, and witness the miracle of day unfolding on the mountain peaks and glaciers.

The Ottertail Route And still yet another route—this time from Field. From that railway point O'Hara can be reached

by an excellent trail that provides a spectacular glimpse of the Ottertail Valley and Range. You motor or ride from Field to the picturesque cabin of the game warden, and from there, your pony carries you to the conjunction of the Ottertail with McArthur Creek. Leaving the latter where it ought to be, on the floor of the earth, you ride up an almost perpendicular wall and feel intense



The Alpine Hut,
Abbot Pass.



surprise upon reaching McArthur Plateau and Pass that your head is not touching the ceiling.

From McArthur Pass, beyond which lies the molten splendor of Lake McArthur, O'Hara is distant but a scant three miles. Thus a delightful round trip may be made starting either from Yoho or Wapta, including Emerald Lake, the Summit Tea House, Natural Bridge, Field, McArthur Lake and Lake O'Hara, Wapta, the Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House, and the switchback road to Yoho. The network of trails and roads is so comprehensive

that you can start anywhere on the route, and be sure of a readily accessible objective with superb Alpine scenic effects in between.

And finally there is a climbing trip—a one-day climbing trip from Field that traverses the Gap (Dennis Pass) between Mount Stephen and Mount Dennis, and from there to the Duchesnay Pass. The descent is made to a beautiful valley under the shadow of the precipitous crags of Mount Odaray, the valley being followed until the O'Hara trail is reached.

Kootenay Park

With the opening in 1923 of the Banff-Windermere Road, a through automobile route across the Canadian Pacific Rockies is now available via Banff or Lake Louise, Rocky Mountains Park, and Kootenay Park.

This road, which connects at its southern end with the Golden-Fort Steele-Cranbrook Road traversing the beautiful Windermere Valley, is the Canadian end of the great highroad which leaves Portland, Oregon, under the name of the Columbia Highway. It is also an important link in the "Grand Circle Tour" from Wyoming, via Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta, Macleod, High River, Calgary and Banff.

The Banff-Windermere Road affords one of the most spectacular rides of the whole continent, and has opened up a magnificent Alpine country, with an environment of pass, canyon and deep forest, known hitherto only to the hunter and the trapper. Once beyond the five-mile-on-either-side-of-the-highway that constitutes the long ribbon of Kootenay Park, anyone who wants may shoot sheep and bear and goat in season, to say nothing of deer and moose; and anyone who wants may fish at any time, inside the Park or out, and never come trophyless home. To the automobilist it is now doubly attractive because of four Bungalow Camps along its route.

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp

26 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 14.

Vermilion River Bungalow Camp

51 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 25.

Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp

92 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 34.

Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp

104 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 42.

The distance from Lake Louise is the same as from Banff.

Lake Windermere can also be reached by rail, for the Windermere Valley branch of the Canadian Pacific runs from Golden, on the main line, to Cranbrook, on the Crow's Nest Pass line. (Windermere is 74 miles from Golden, and 120 from Cranbrook.) Radium Hot Springs can also be reached by auto from Firlands station, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles distant.



BANFF-WINDERMERE ROAD

The Motor Road From Banff or Lake Louise the route is to Castle Mountain, where it takes a southerly course, crossing the Bow and rising to the Vermilion Pass (altitude 5,264 feet). Here it enters Kootenay Park. The road then follows the Vermilion River to its junction with the Kootenay River. This again it crosses and follows through a beautiful avenue between virgin forest, then ascending the Sinclair Pass between the Briscoe and Stanford Ranges. Turning westerly again, it reaches Radium Hot Springs, long famous for their curative qualities, and, emerging through the gap of Sinclair Canyon, meets the Columbia River about nine miles north of Lake Windermere.

The highroad follows the east side of Lake Windermere and the Kootenay River, through Canal Flats and Fort Steele, to Cranbrook. Thence it continues to the international boundary, which turns south through Idaho to Spokane, continuing thence by way of the Columbia Highway to Portland and so on to California.

The Banff-Lake Windermere automobile highway is a good, hard road, constructed by the Canadian Government and of stable material.

The road, then, was officially opened in June, 1923, and history began there, so far as the modern world is concerned. But, if you chance on an old-timer you'll hear tales of Kootenays and Blackfeet, of the Priest's mine and the Ochre beds, of long-dead prospectors and silent chiefs, that will make a shadowy background—a bit melancholy, but wholly picturesque—for the white-floored, tree-bordered, mountain-crowned miles of the present.

You were a chattering party when you left the hotel—a heterogeneous crowd intent only on another trip. But somehow, after you have pitched south-west from Castle Mountain into the untrodden wilds, and as the motor climbs and the miles reel off under your tires, the talk dies away.

The Top of the World This new world into which the road has bored its way is a world older than Time, yet, in some vivid and tremendous fashion, still unfinished. That scarred skyline seems as though it might break in a black wave and sweep down—sweep down on life as we know it, with the crash of suns, for surely nothing so vital, so full of power, could be fixed forever. These huge creatures of granite and snow that crouch together above the tiny track, these mountains in among whom you've dared to come—you've never seen so many together, so close—herds of mountains, one behind the other, looking over each other's shoulders, enormous, inert, yet—alive. . . . You feel as though you'd slipped through the hole in the wall—gone into the land where we only go in dreams.

At last you swing around a curve, and the biggest mountain of them all sweeps into view. Some of the peaks must despise the names they've been given—names of mere men and women, chance likenesses to unimportant things—little names that mean nothing in the shadowy mind of so vast a creature. But this mountain is well named Storm.

A million tons of rock went to its making, a million years to its rearing, a million storms to the carving of its great head, powdered with snow.

STORM MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW CAMP

No trees to soften it, except the trees in the hills that break about its feet. Always a cloud behind it. Always a wandering wind.

And yet—opposite the mountain, perched by the side of the road, five hundred feet above the valley floor, there stands Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp. And in the paradox of those first and last words lies the secret of the place. All that there is in us that thrills to the storm—all that craves rest—yearns to the wind-bare hill-top, where the main bungalow sits, inscrutable, and takes us in for tea.

Storm Mountain From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-colored, black. Castle Mountain, too.* And, looking down the road to the south-west, peak after peak, peak after peak—treed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain-top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snowbound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.

No wonder you decide to break your motor trip to stay overnight—over many nights. There's the attractive 3-mile trail to Boom Lake—and right on over into the Valley of the Ten Peaks if you're adventurous enough. Another fine hike or pony ride is to Twin Lakes (5 miles), which has good fishing. So has Vista Lake. Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp will soon be the centre of many trails that ray out like the spokes of a magic wheel. But the fishing won't be any better in the creek than it is to-day, and the sun-rise will be no more wonderful than it always has been from this solemn top of the world, where the day begins with a primeval immensity that shakes whatever soul you happen to have. The dripping grey chill, the hush, the mist in the valleys, and then, pink over the Sawbacks—flames over the Sawbacks—the sun! No man who stays in bed till the fit and proper time is ever as cold as you are just before the miracle. But no man with his nose in the pillow ever felt like an archangel at any time, and—you did. No wonder the morning stars sang together. They were lucky to be able to express what they felt!

The Camp Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building of log construction, with a broad verandah, and

*From the Bungalow Camp, which is situated 500 feet above the floor of the valley, the following mountains can be seen. Looking to the north is the famous Castle Mountain; to the north-west is Mount Hector, 11,125 feet high, and the Valley of the Bow Lakes; to the north-east is the beautiful Sawback Range; to the east is Copper and Pilot Mountains; to the south, ice-capped Storm Mountain; to the south-west, Mount Whymper and the Vermilion Valley, through which the road is constructed.

contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 14 persons, in six log bungalows, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house, with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

But there comes a time when the road beckons, and off we go by motor again, under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

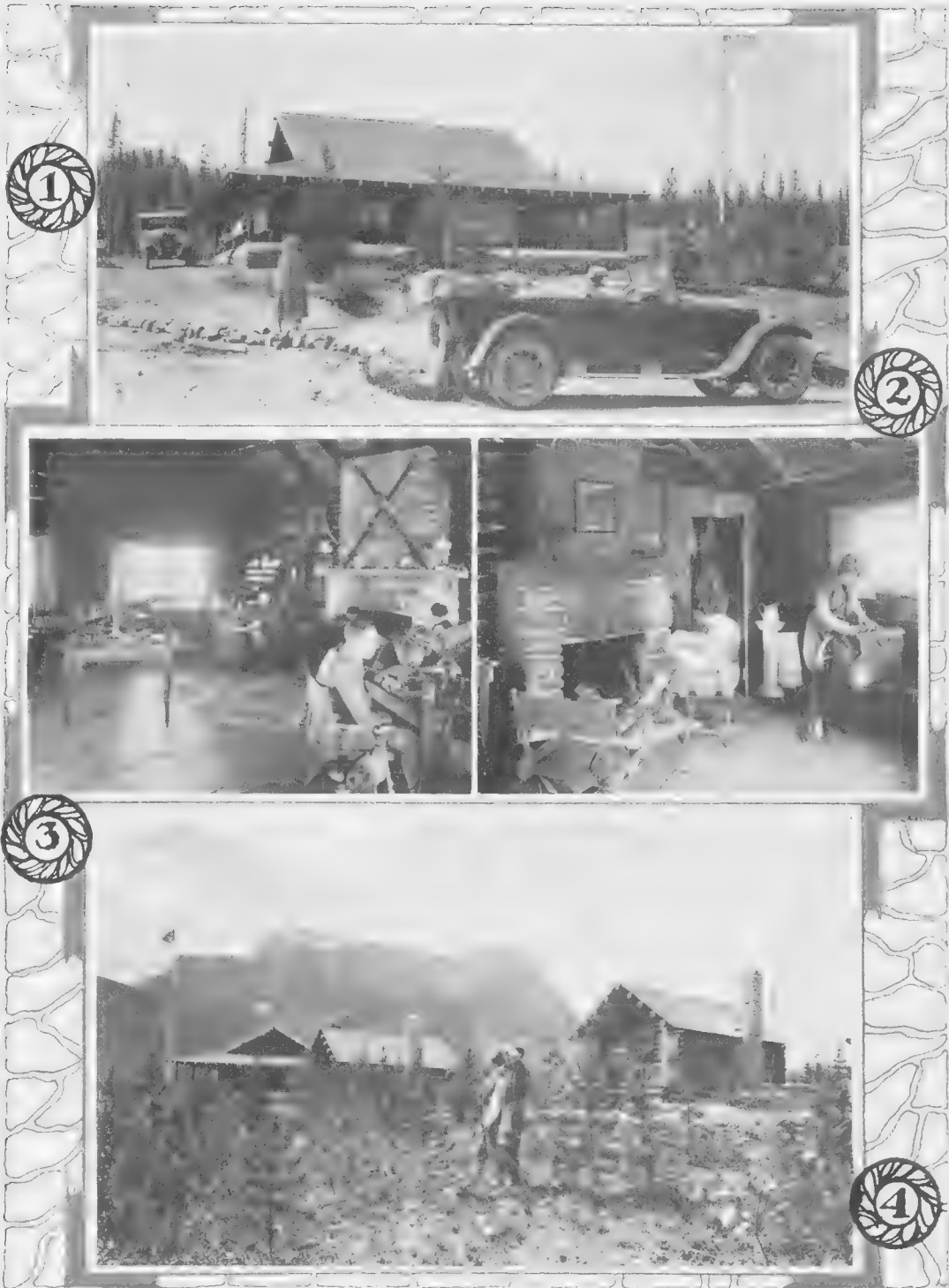
Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed! Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras. . . . But the motor whirls on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

Vermilion River Camp At Marble Canyon there is a gash in the rock three hundred feet deep, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of color from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things.

A few miles farther on, at Vermilion Crossing, the river turns sharply to the south-west, and here, in the bend of its cool and foamy arm, there's another camp, log-cabin set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country. If you want to see a bear, you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening. You may even be surprised by a fantasia on pie-plates in the grey dawn as the staff chases away a huge and furry clown who insists on kicking the milk pail around because he's failed to reach the ham. You're in the Park, you see, and so is he. Liberty, equality and fraternity include the pursuit of hams. But if you're a hunter—well, it isn't so easy for him to carry a foot-rule in his eye and judge just when he's got his hind-leg on the wrong side of the magic five-mile line. And there are always guides to be had who know where to locate not only bears of all sizes, but sheep and goats and deer.

Kootenay Park Fishing, too, can be had around Vermilion. And as soon as the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed—the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face—even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four-day trip ahead of him that not only includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mt. Goodsir, the Ottertail Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with O'Hara as the final goal.

Around Vermilion River Camp stretches Kootenay Park, which, with an area of 587 square



1. Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp.
2. One of the Sleeping Bungalows, Storm Mountain Camp.
3. The Living Room, Storm Mountain Camp.
4. Storm Mountain from the camp.

VERMILION RIVER—RADIUM HOT SPRINGS

miles, tucks in between the southern portions of Rocky Mountains and Yoho Parks, and comprises the Vermilion, Mitchell and Briscoe Ranges. At the south-west end it almost touches the eastern bank of the Columbia River, a little above Lake Windermere. The Park consists of almost virgin forest, untouched by the hand of man, reaching back to a magnificent background of mountains, and inhabited practically only by big game.

Save the Forests! Vermilion River Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building, of log construction, with a broad verandah, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 25 persons, in log bungalows, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only a genie or an inspired engineer could do it. Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed sign-board at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it. . . . And when you take these jackknife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

Sinclair Canyon And then comes the level valley of the Kootenay and the long forest aisles—a different world and a kinder. Here is where you'll see a deer, perhaps—or a deer and two little fawns, startled and big-eyed and keen to get away, but not really frightened. Here is where you see flowers among the timber, and campers among the flowers.

And then you climb again to Sinclair Pass, sweeping upward in great curves. You pass the Iron Gates, those grim rose-henna guardians of this inner world. You drop down to Radium Hot Springs in the narrow gorge of the canyon. And you go for a swim in the pool, built by the Government. Imagine wanting a temperature of 110, in July! But the high winds of the mountains have made it seem the pleasantest thing that could happen to you—or perhaps the very pleasantest is the cup of tea and the flaky little hot biscuits you get in the pretty community house of the bungalow camp on the top of the hill after you're all dressed and civilized again.

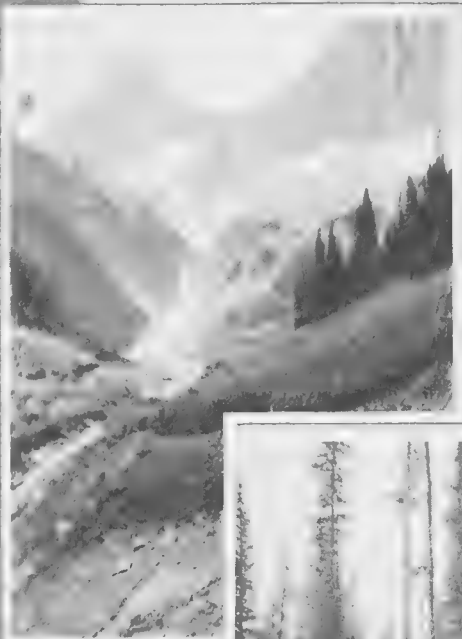
Radium Hot Springs Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building, of log construction, with a broad verandah, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 34 persons, in log bungalows and floored tents, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

The Columbia River Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle, under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze. . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotus-land.

There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumors of an old river boat that will take her serene course under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses and outfits for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon, with its three-hundred-foot-high bridge, and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the lake shore, it comes to you that this isn't a place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old-timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

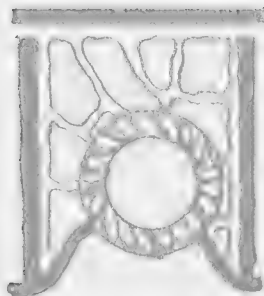


1. Radium Hot Springs Camp.

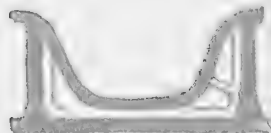
2. The Living Room, Radium Hot Springs Camp.

3. Vermilion Peak.

4. Vermilion River Camp—about half-way, Banff-Windermere.



Lake Windermere Camp.



Lake Windermere Lake Windermere lies in a long and beautiful valley traversed by two rivers, between the main line of the Rockies and the smaller but equally spectacular Selkirk Range. It is a warm-water lake over ten miles in length and from one to three miles in breadth, surrounded by bench land, much of which has recently been transformed by irrigation into good farm land. Behind the benches are the foothills, and then the towering, jagged mountains typical of this region.

Lake Windermere, although one of the newer tourist regions of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, is not without fame, for it is the source of the mighty Columbia River, the most important waterway that flows into the North Pacific. Nor is it without history, for the explorer David Thompson discovered it as long ago as 1807, and established a trading post at Kootenai House. But although its charm has always been known to the "old-timers" who have pioneered in this lovely valley, it is only since the construction of a railway a few years ago that the outside world has taken any real notice of it.

The Camp Lake Windermere Camp has accommodation for 42 guests. It consists of a large main building, with a wide verandah, and containing a combination dining, recreation and lounging room, with an open fireplace; and of separate small living and sleeping bungalows. Each of the latter has single beds, store, clothes closet, wash basin, running water, mirror, table and chairs. A double bath-house, with hot and cold running water, contains separate bath room and toilets. All the buildings are electrically lighted.

Sport Mountain ponies of local breed are available for riding the trails, and the neighboring village of Invermere has automobiles for the excellent roads of the valley. In several of the creeks and smaller lakes within easy reach, good trout fishing in season may be had. The water of Lake Windermere itself is too warm for trout, though it contains countless squaw fish, many of large size. There are also landlocked salmon to be caught by trolling in the spring.

For bathing and boating the waters of Lake Windermere are ideal. The summer temperature averages about 68 degrees, and the water is crystal clear. There are several islands on the lake, each tempting the explorer.

Lake Windermere is an outfitting centre for hunting goat, bear, and deer on the slopes of the Selkirks, and goat, mountain sheep, moose, bear and deer in the famous hunting grounds of the Kootenay Valley.

The David Thompson Memorial Fort, built of huge logs with palisades and bastions, is only a short walk from the Camp; it is used as a recreation hall and Indian museum.

Toby Creek Among the many expeditions to be recommended are those up Toby Creek, Sinclair Canyon and Horse Thief Creek. Nine miles up Toby Canyon, Toby Creek is spanned by a spectacular bridge three hundred feet above the bed of the stream, uniting roads on either side, so that a highly interesting round-trip automobile ride of eighteen miles can be made from Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp. Beyond the bridge the road leads in the direction of Earl Grey Pass or Wells Pass to Kootenay Lake.

(Continued on page 40)



1. The Iron Gates of the Sinclair Canyon.
2. Lake Windermere is one of the loveliest warm water lakes of British Columbia.
3. The David Thompson Memorial Fort at Lake Windermere.
4. One of the Sleeping Bungalows, Lake Windermere Camp.



MORaine LAKE CAMP

Nine miles by road from Lake Louise

Accommodation for 9.

Saddleback Rest House

Between Paradise Valley and Lake Louise. Serving meals only.

The Ten Peaks There is still one more bungalow camp we haven't seen; and when you get back to Lake Louise you'll motor over to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where the green-blue waters of Moraine Lake lie below the high-pitched mountains and the ramparts of Babylonian brick. A glacier reaches over the top of the world like a huge white paw, blue-green at the tip; and there's a bungalow camp on a bench of the hills above the lake.

We must associate Moraine Lake with Lake Louise because the latter beautiful and famous lake of the Canadian Pacific Rockies is the entry-point to Moraine Lake; but Moraine Lake is just as beautiful, and its Bungalow Camp provides ideal accommodation for the hiker, trail-rider or angler who wishes to linger longer in this magnificent region than is possible by the daily motor trips from Louise.*

Moraine Lake Moraine Lake is a lovely mountain lake situated about nine miles distant from Lake Louise, between two lines

*Cars leave the Chateau Lake Louise twice daily. The road winds through a forest on a high shelf above the Bow Valley, at the base of the massive Mount Temple.

of mountain peaks. On one side are the gigantic Mount Temple, Pinnacle Peak, Eiffel Peak and others; on the other is the tremendous semi-circle of the "Ten Peaks." These Ten Peaks, on the east side of the valley, present a jagged profile that makes a most majestic view. Not one of them is less than 10,000 feet in height; Number Eight (better known as Mount Deltaform) is 11,225 feet. Standing off a little as a sort of outpost, and not included in the bright constellation, is the "Tower of Babel," an interesting rock formation of unusual shape.

In front of this amphitheatre lies Moraine Lake, exquisitely tinted in color, its waters so still that they reflect every twig above its surface. On the shore of the lake is the camp—the only sign of human life in a landscape of age-old wildness and loneliness. The camp is a charming one, with a bright, comfortably furnished living and dining room, and with overnight accommodation for nine in separate small bungalows.

Consolation Valley About three miles to the south-east, by a trail around the Tower of Babel, is Consolation Valley and

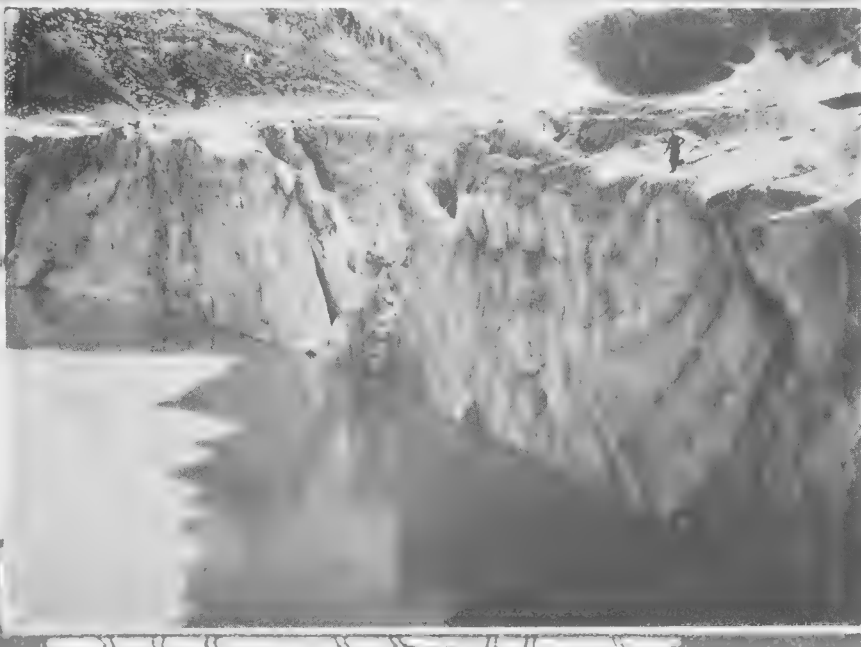
Lakes, another beautiful little spot. The valley is green and smiling, with an abundance of Alpine flowers; at its head are Mounts Bident and Quadra.



1. Moraine Lake Camp—Nine Miles from Lake Louise.
2. Saddleback Rest House.
3. Paradise Valley from The Saddleback.
4. Consolation Lake has fine trout fishing.



The Lake of
the Hanging
Glaciers,
near Lake
Windermere



The twin lakes contain a plentiful supply of rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, which will take almost any bait, and also cut-throat trout, a vigorous fish which takes the fly in July and August.

Between peaks Nine (Neptuak) and Ten is the Wenkchemna Pass, the route to Prospector Valley, Tokumm Creek, and Vermilion River. Projecting down the valley is the tongue of Wenkchemna Glacier—which, although small, has the unusual quality amongst nearly all the glaciers of the world of being in an advancing, progressive state, not in a state of recession.

Paradise Valley Between Moraine Lake and Lake Louise lies Paradise Valley, which can be reached in an excursion that is not hard for anyone who has had a little experience of climbing. There is no trail for riding, but apart from that, the climb is really a stiff uphill walk. The route is through Sentinel Pass to the Larch Valley, a lovely Alpine meadow that was the site of a recent Alpine Club Camp, and then across Paradise Valley to Lake Annette, a tiny emerald sheet of water on the other side of Mount Temple. From here a steep zig-zag trail climbs to the Saddleback, where a small rest-house is established, and thence descent can be made on a very good trail to Lake Louise.

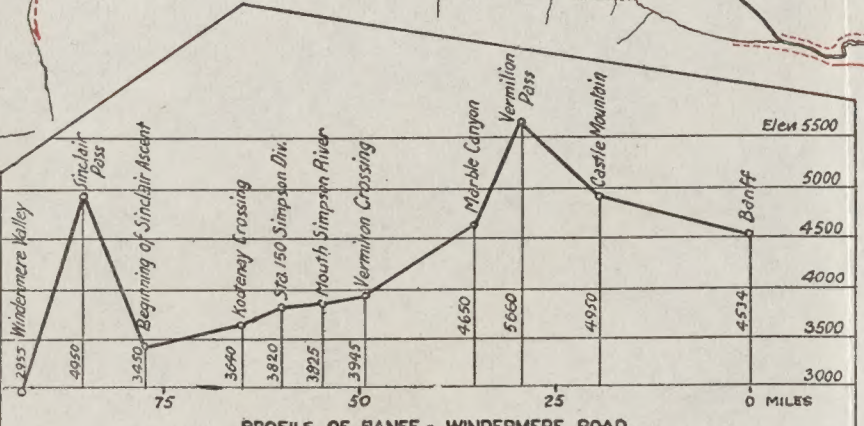
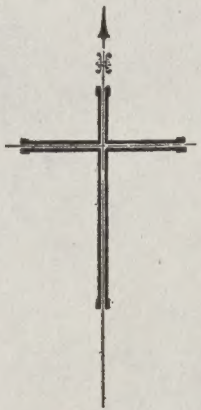
LAKE WINDERMERE CAMP

(Concluded from page 36)

Horse Thief Creek Horse Thief Creek is an easy gateway to very spectacular glacier country. One can drive by auto for eighteen miles, after which there is a pony trail leading direct up towards Horse Thief Creek, with a new trail to the wonderful Lake of the Hanging Glaciers. Or one can branch up Mackenzie Creek to Iron Cap, where on a ridge at an elevation of 10,000 feet one has a magnificent panorama of 100 miles of snow-clad peaks. These last two trips cannot be accomplished in one day, and camping outfit will have to be taken.

Auto Rates Touring automobiles can be hired in either Banff, Lake Louise, or Windermere. Auto bus service, Banff or Lake Louise to Lake Windermere (when operated)—one way \$10.00 per person, round trip (2 days) \$18.00. During the months of July and August, an "all expense tour" will leave Banff and Lake Louise three days a week, at the rate of \$25.00 per person. This rate will include meals at Storm Mountain Camp, Vermilion River Camp, Radium Hot Springs Camp, Lake Windermere Camp and Johnston Canyon, and one night's lodgings at Lake Windermere. (In 1926, if business warrants, this tour will leave daily.)





PROFILE OF BANFF - WINDERMERE ROAD

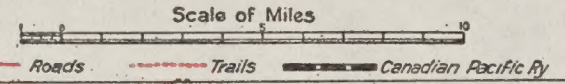
DISTANCES	MILES
Banff - Johnston Canyon	15.9
Banff - Castle Mountain	19.9
Castle Mountain - Storm Mountain Camp	6
Castle Mountain - Marble Canyon	14.6
Castle Mountain - Vermilion River Camp	30.2
Castle Mountain - Radium Hot Springs Camp	70.9
Castle Mountain - Columbia Valley Road	72.9
Radium Hot Springs Camp - Lake Windermere	13
Banff - Lake Windermere Camp	104

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